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TRB

from Washington
September 6 & 13, 1980

Industrial Geritol

(The regular author of TRB is on vacation. This column was written by another member of The New Republic*'s staff)*

Ronald Reagan's remark that "fascism was really the basis of the New Deal" is twisted nonsense, but not without a tiny factual basis. In the economic distress of the early 1930s, as Ronald Steel points out in his new book *Walter Lippmann and the American Century*, many American progressives—including Herbert Croly, founder of *The New Republic*—admired what Mussolini was doing in Italy. They, and many conservatives too, believed that a centrally planned economy built around close cooperation among government, business, and labor was the best route back to economic health. This was the philosophy behind Roosevelt's National Recovery Administration, which the Supreme Court ruled unconstitutional. Back then, fascism was not such a dirty word. Now it is. Today this kind of thinking goes by a new vogue term: reindustrialization. Ronald Reagan is all for it, and so are his two principal opponents.

President Carter unveiled his version in a speech last Thursday. He calls it "revitalization" because, says Jody Powell, "we have got to go beyond reindustrialization." This is Carter's second dramatic rebirth into a new economic philosophy so far this year. In March he scrapped everything and declared the urgent necessity for a balanced budget and tight credit. Now it's sundry tax cuts and spending measures that will drain about $10 billion from that same budget (which Carter's advisers now concede will be $17 billion to $30 billion in the hole anyway). Eizenstat and other Carterites swore there'd be none of this "supply-side" stuff until the budget was balanced, then swore there'd be none until after the election. They still piously insist that nothing must happen until after the election (as if it could), but you are free to be impressed in the meantime.

What has changed since March? Not the underlying economic circumstances, but the Republican attack. Instead of invoking the traditional GOP charge of fiscal irresponsibility, Reagan and friends have put together their own supply-side package of goodies. So Carter charges them with fiscal irresponsibility, while undercutting them with a slightly more modest scheme of his own. Carter's saying, in effect, "I'm just like the other guy, only somewhat less so." Not an uplifting message.

Carter's salad bar has a little something for every taste: big tax breaks for the heavy machinery crowd, an extra billion dollars in subsidies for the soft energy set, a bit of highway maintenance, a dab of coal ports, and so on. Grant hustlers, already wallowing in the synfuels program, the biggest federal mudbath to come along in years, will have a great time with "revitalization." There'll be $300 million more for non-defense research and development, for example, and Treasury Secretary Miller says, "We'll get consulting activity going to have more details by January."

A lot of money will be wasted, no doubt, but most of the main ideas in Carter's program are good ones. We really do need jobs programs that emphasize retraining and relocation of workers to move them from dying industries to growing ones. We do need to change the tax rules for capital depreciation that discourage investment by ignoring the effects of inflation. The Carter people are right that their schemes are a more surgical attack on the productivity problem than Reagan-Kemp-Roth's blunt-instrument across-the-board tax cut; and their depreciation proposal would answer legitimate business complaints without effectively gutting the corporate income tax, as would the Republican "10-5-3" plan.

But the overall flavor of Carter's feast is timorous and pandering. There is no fundamental restructuring of the way government or industry does business, and there is nothing that would cause pain to any interest group. This means the package won't do much good.

Take Social Security, for example. Carter proposes an income tax credit to balance out next year's Social Security rate increase. Social Security is becoming an ungodly burden on working people. Because employers, even money-losing employers, pay the tax too, each increase also discourages job creation. So this little change is welcome. But it's piddling, and it uses sleight-of-hand (pay to Social Security; subtract from your taxes) to disguise the fundamental truth that Social Security is not an insurance plan with guaranteed benefits but a social welfare program that must be funded from general tax revenues. Secretary Miller begged journalists last week to reassure their readers: "Everybody who has Social Security should relax. The Social Security fund will not be touched." Any young worker who depends on that in making retirement plans is a fool. A president with the courage to tell the truth about Social Security could then begin to switch the cost from employment to consumption. John Anderson's 50-50 plan to replace half the Social Security burden with a stiff gasoline tax would do precisely that.

Then there are these new councils of elders. Carter wants something like an "Industrial Revitalization Board" (they were still playing with the name as my deadline passed) to "advise the president on a wide range of issues" (Miller again) and to make plans for an "Industrial Development Authority" that actually would start passing out money—whose, how much, and to whom to be determined after the deepest reflection and broadest possible consultation, needless to say. Business, labor, and the public, of course; "a strong mechanism for cooperation between the public and private sectors" (Miller) and so on. This is what politicians do when they can't think of anything else. Carter already has his grandiose President's Commission for a National Agenda for the 1980s studying the productivity problem (that was his gesture last March.) Now we have two of them. It's not fascism, it's just silly.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 6 & 13, 1980

Jerusalem Moving and Unmoving

There is a lynch mob in New York. It is called the United Nations, and Israel is the intended victim. Israel is practically the UN's sole business. The resolutions of support for the Palestinians long ago dispensed with those gracious little provisos about Israel's security; the Palestinians may now play for the whole thing. How sad for the Basques that they are not Moslems, and for the Kurds that their bit of desert is dry, and for the Afghans that their opponents are not Americans or Jews. They, too, might have rights on the East River.

The resolutions at the United Nations have done much to create the new political climate in which the wickedness of Zionism has become mere commonplace, but they are only words. The Israelis know that, and have found some comfort in the fact, while they go about their search for an unsuicidal policy on Palestinian nationalism. But the Palestinians, too, know that the resolutions are only words, and they have lost patience. Israel has been scolded enough; now it must be made to pay. Not words, but sanctions, is the new PLO demand. When the Israeli Knesset passed its ill-advised Jerusalem law two weeks ago, the PLO's UN representative made his move. It quickly emerged, however, that the votes for economic sanctions could not be found in the Security Council. The PLO agreed to make do with a resolution instructing member nations with embassies in Jerusalem to remove them to Tel Aviv. The resolution passed, as will the next one, and the one after that.

But the moderation of this resolution, like all Palestinian moderation to date, was a ruse. The resolution called not for attitudes but for actions; which is to say, it was not words, it was sanctions. The Netherlands, Costa Rica, Guatemala, El Salvador, and the few other nations with embassies in Jerusalem were urged not to make representations to the government of Israel, but to take measures to punish it. And the United States, which is pledged to veto sanctions against Israel, did not even vote against. It abstained. Secretary Muskie appeared in the hall on behalf of the Democratic candidate and did his best to save the Jewish vote. He admonished the delegates that they were damaging Camp David, which of course they knew, and then he raised his hand in abstention and damaged it some more. Muskie was not troubled that the resolution failed to distinguish East Jerusalem from West, or that the new Israeli law did no more than describe, however provocatively, a political reality that has existed for over a decade. The Saudis were calling for holy war, the Iraqis were getting the bomb, but what the secretary had to stop were the movers who might appear for Begin's office furniture.

The shuttle diplomacy of Henry Kissinger made at least one lasting contribution to the peace process in the Middle East: it established as an axiom of all subsequent negotiations that Jerusalem comes last. The scuttle diplomacy of Edmund Muskie has changed that, with lots of help from Menahem Begin. Jerusalem now comes first—and so the talks may never get to last. This may be a way of getting them back to Geneva, where the State Department left its heart in 1977. The decision of the American government to permit Jerusalem to be restored so early to the agenda

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represents nothing less than a return to the policy of a comprehensive settlement, a chimera to which the present administration has always been committed. This policy can undo all that Anwar Sadat started. Sadat, no doubt, was delighted to be free for a while from Islam's wrath, but he must see that this way lies great danger to his designs as well.

This smooth bit of American treachery at the UN was not entirely a surprise. The United States, after 31 years, has not even recognized West Jersualem as Israel's capital. Moreover, the abstention was a perfect expression of Jimmy Carter's plan for Jerusalem. The plans had become plain only a few days earlier at Carter's convention. The platform adopted by the Democrats forthrightly supported "the established status of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel," and pledged that the United States would move its embassy there. The president could not live with this plank. The memorandum he sent to the Garden conceded no more than an "undivided Jerusalem" and concluded that "it has been and it must remain our policy that the ultimate status of Jerusalem should be a matter of negotiation between parties."

Carter's statement about "negotiations between the parties" is another version of the more common coinage employed by the abstaining Muskie: "We have encouraged all parties to refrain from unilateral actions which seek to change the character and status of Jersualem." There have been several such unilateral actions to change Jerusalem's status. The first came in 1948, when Jordan failed to destroy Israel but won the old city. The second came in 1967, when Jordan failed to destroy Israel but lost the old city. The Zionists had agreed that in the partition of Palestine, Jersualem would be an international zone, and never in the period between 1948 and 1967 did the Israelis attempt to unify the city, to open its holy places to Jews, to act upon their historical rights. (And never in that period was the United Nations or the State Department enraged by the Jordanian occupation.) The Jews eventually seized Jerusalem only to save their lives. They never have denied its mosques to Moslems. But if the Arabs wanted so desperately to be sovereign over East Jerusalem, they should never have started the Six Day War. They should have quit while they were ahead.

Carter and his diplomats are indifferent to all this history. They do not, therefore, comprehend the concessions that Israel already has made, and will continue to make. Israel is returning the Sinai and will return most of the West Bank, but not because the territories were seized in a war of conquest, or because the Israelis have no rights. The Israeli occupation is owed entirely to the Arab aggression. But the Israelis will exchange what they won but never wanted for what they wanted but never won. They will exchange the territories for peace, and only their own desire for peace will coerce them to do so.

The Israelis have chosen not to return Jerusalem. That is the privilege of victors, as Jordanians and Russians can testify. Jewish sovereignty over Jerusalem has violated not a single human or religious right. Access to the city's holy places, which the president and the pope insist must be free, has never been freer. Jewish sovereignty over Jerusalem is the only price the Arabs have paid for their failure, the sole spoils the Jewish state will have gained for successfully refusing to be destroyed. The Jewish passion for Jerusalem, the Jewish right, the Jewish cause, is a fact of life. The sooner the Arabs and we Americans recognize that fact the better.

White House Watch

Debate and Switch

At a White House meeting the morning of August 25, Press Secretary Jody Powell and several other Carter assistants agreed with each other that they and their President were in a mess and that their task was to figure how to get out of it. The mess was the contro versy that the President and his people had stirred up over whether and on what terms Jimmy Carter should participate in televised debates with other candidates for the presidency.

A review of how Carter and his people got themselves into the mess takes us back to May 5 and an exchange between Carter and Edith Bornn, a delegate from the Virgin Islands to the League of Women Voters's biennial convention in Washington, DC. Bornn asked Carter if he'd "give your promise to us today to participate in the League-sponsored presidential debate this fall, if you are the nominee of the Democratic party." The transcript records "laughter" at the notion that Carter might not be the nominee and has him replying: "Yes, I will be glad to participate this fall, if I am the nominee (Laughter). It will be a great pleasure to be the nominee and to debate (Laughter)."

Since the first one between Richard Nixon and John Kennedy in 1960, quadrennial televised presidential debates have come to be regarded by masses of citizens as their right and by the principal candidates as their inescapable peril, opportunity, and duty. The League sponsored the 1976 debates between Carter and Gerald Ford and expected a 1980 series of three between presidential candidates and a fourth between the candidates for vice president to occur with no more than the usual preliminary hassles over sites, timing, and format. Ruth Hinerfeld, president of the League and "chair" of its education fund, which technically sponsors the debates, said August 25 that Carter's May 5 promise was considered to be "a broad statement of intention" but not a binding commitment in advance of detailed discussions.

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Another satisfied customer

To the editors:

With the political campaign upon us, the next few months are likely to be pretty dismal. For me, the prospect is made even more dismal at the thought of receiving the words of Ronald Steel and Nicholas von Hoffman in my mailbox at regular intervals. So I am writing to request the cancellation of my subscription to *The New Republic*, effective immediately. I shall miss Henry Fairlie, but life isn't perfect. I was tempted to cancel when I read Irving [Howe]'s attack on Solzhenitsyn, but somehow the moment passed. I don't want to delay any longer. It is painful to me to see what a mess you have made of a golden opportunity, but a mess it is—and I don't want it coming into my house.

Hilton Kramer
New York, New York

Hammering Steel

To the editors:

It is hard for me to convince myself that Ronald Steel lives in the same world as I do. One of us must be grievously wrong; perhaps we are each partly right on details, but we cannot be right about the larger picture. A view far closer to mine is expressed by Norman Podhoretz in *The Present Danger* than is expressed by Steel in "The Absent Danger" (*TNR*, August 16).

When such radical disagreement occurs, one turns spontaneously to ad hominem reasoning, as Steel does with Podhoretz. He accuses the latter of "indignation" based upon "concern over status," of an intention "to ignite panic," of a "moral crusade" that is "shrill" and "intolerant," and of being "intent on self-assertion," even at the expense of generating for the United States a "nervous breakdown." For Ronald Steel, Norman Podhoretz is a greater threat to the Republic than Soviet military power, and he extends to the Soviets a sympathy he is unwilling to extend to Podhoretz.

It may be, as I say, that Steel is right, while Podhoretz and others of us are wrong. Reality is not so easy to read. Yet ad hominem remarks require ad hominem defense. "Former liberals who worry about 'the present danger'" do *not* expect higher status from their peers. They know in advance that they will be treated, as Steel treats Podhoretz, with a contumely saved for former believers now held to be apostates, whose conversion must be "explained away" through innuendo and character assassination. In my experience, Norman Podhoretz stands forth as the most intelligent, most ruthlessly honest, most courageous person in American letters. I do not think he is a saint, by any means, but there is no one whose intellectual fearlessness I more admire, or whose willingness to violate left-wing taboos and public ridicule is more to be emulated by persons who aspire to equal courage.

The Soviet Union now commands military forces unparalleled on the Eurasian landmass, stronger by far than those of Adolph Hitler. So far as one can tell by their naval programs, new airlift capacities, missile programs, willingness to send men and arms to Cuba and to Africa, concerted training programs for scores of thousands of terrorists and guerrillas from other lands, assistance to the military expansionism of Hanoi, and massive invasion of Afghanistan, their intentions cannot be said to be pacific and defensive.

Perhaps Steel's counsels for calm are justified. Perhaps the Soviets preside over "an inefficient and now stagnant economy, with little influence outside areas policed by the Red Army [but among the PLO, in Cuba, in Hanoi, and in many other places?], with restive satellites seeking their own deals with the West, and with the world's most populous and powerful nations arrayed in alliance against it: the United States, Western Europe, China, and Japan." But suppose, precisely in these circumstances, the Soviets were to calculate that the overall "correlation of forces"—and especially of ruthless military will—were now more in their favor than they ever have been or ever will be again. The reasons Steel cites for calm are the very ones that lead me to fear the worst.

Thus, whether Steel is correct or whether Podhoretz is correct as to how the facts ought to be perceived, the facts themselves provide reason enough to become more alert than we have been, to put in place unmistakable deterrents, to give notice of a resolute will to resist, and thus to make certain that the worst does not come to pass. If that is done, it is likely that the Soviets will not do what otherwise they will be able to do. To allow future history to judge that Steel was correct is a small enough price to pay for having met the present danger as an honest and courageous society ought.

Michael Novak
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, DC

Civil liberties defense

To the editors:

In his article "Civil Liberties vs. the ACLU," (*TNR*, July 26), Professor Louis B. Schwartz characterizes the sweeping revisions of the federal criminal code now pending in Congress as an extraordinary "civil liberties reform." He then goes on to attack the ACLU for opposing this "civil liberties reform." We urge those who may have found Professor Schwartz's article persuasive to judge the ACLU's position for themselves by requesting a copy of our 54-page analysis from our Washington Office, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, Washington, DC 20003.

Professor Schwartz claims that "the ACLU has fought progress on the indefensible line that no reform, however beneficial, is acceptable if it omits any desirable element." As part of this charge, he claims that we oppose both the Kennedy bill and the Drinan bill. That is not true. We do not oppose the Drinan bill as such. Our fear was that once the Drinan bill got to the House floor, it inevitably would be subject to amendments that made it worse for civil liberties. And once that bill as amended got to a joint House-Senate conference, it would be compromised further in the effort to resolve the differences between it and the Kennedy bill.

Professor Schwartz overstates the civil liberties improvements in the bill. For example, he cites repeal of the Logan Act as "a civil liberties triumph." The Logan Act prohibits private citizens from corresponding with foreign officials in an attempt to influence them on matters of dispute with the United States. It well deserves to be off the books. But the Logan Act is a dead letter. It was passed in 1799, and there has been only one attempted prosecution under it, in 1861. No one ever has been convicted under it.

(continued on page 40)

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John Anderson's advent as an independent candidate, after he'd failed to win a single Republican primary, soured the debate prospect for Carter. Jody Powell said May 27, as lightly as if he were reacting to a bad joke, that Carter would not participate in any debate that included Anderson. In an additional remark that was ignored at the time, Powell indicated that another sponsor could be found if the League insisted on including Anerson with Ronald Reagan. Carter told visiting editors the next day, May 28, that past debates between the Democratic and Republican nominees "set a good precedent" and "provided an adequate forum" without independent candidates. "This is my judgment, I'm going to stick to it," he said. He'd be better off now if he had stuck to it.

At the urging of his campaign manager, Robert Strauss, who was bothered by signs that the exclusion of Anderson didn't sit well with many voters, Carter said June 10 that he might debate candidates other than Reagan if they had a theoretical chance of being elected. "What I want above all else," he also said, "is a one-on-one debate with Reagan." That remained his position in August, in an interview with Dan Rather on CBS and in a speech in Detroit. On these and other occasions his wish for head-to-head debate with Reagan was stated as a strong preference, not as an absolute condition for debate with Anderson and perhaps other candidates. Throughout this phase, from May into August, Carter and his spokesmen did not conceal a main reason for ducking debate with Anderson. As Carter said May 28 and continued to say in similar fashion, "Whatever strength Anderson has in November . . . will be more at my expense than at Reagan's expense." Why then, Carter and Strauss and others said, lend exposure and stature to Anderson in a debate with the incumbent President? Another, perhaps equally compelling, reason was the belief of Carter and his people that Ronald Reagan, a master of the opaque, would come off badly in uncluttered confrontation with that master of detail, Jimmy Carter.

Ruth Hinerfeld and Lee Hanna, a professional broadcaster who'd joined the education fund staff as debates project director, encountered problems with the prospective debaters and with scheduling. Telephone calls to Carter and Reagan assistants went unreturned. The calls were returned later by people who seemed to speak only for themselves and didn't know what others among their associates were saying and asking. Here it may be noted parenthetically that only on August 25 did Jody Powell and Gerald Rafshoon, the Carter media specialist, get down to collecting and collating various alternative offers of debate sponsorship and trying to set priorities. The League tentatively scheduled the first debate for September 9, a Tuesday, in Baltimore, and then discovered that nine state primaries for state offices were to be held that day. Fridays were out because of conflicts with religious observances, many Mondays because of conflicts with previously scheduled TV events. Carter schedulers cleared time for September 9. By the time the first debate was tentatively postponed to September 18, Carter had agreed to attend fundraisers on September 16 and 17. The 18th also conflicted with a Reagan fundraiser. Neither candidate felt he was left with enough time to prepare for debate on the 18th.

drawing by Mike Keefe

John Anderson, aflame with indignation over the effort to exclude him and desperately anxious to be included, welcomed the League's announcement that he'd be invited for the first debate if he rated 15 percent or more in the polls as of September 1. He was gratified when the deadline for qualifying was extended to September 10. The extension was not the response to his protestations that it was thought to be; Hinerfeld said it resulted from the postponement of the first debate from the ninth to the 18th, and would have been granted even if Anderson had not pressed for it. Anderson throughout asserted his claim to inclusion as a matter of right, which it isn't. Carter has the same right not to debate any other candidate that Anderson and Reagan have and the public has no *right* to see and hear any of them in debate.

There matters stood when on August 24, on CBS's "Face the Nation," Carter assistant Jack Watson seemed to agree with a questioner that Carter "insists" that the first debate be solely between him and Reagan, and said unequivocally that "the League . . . does not have any franchise on presidential debates." It was said at the White House the next day that Watson didn't intend to make a Carter-Reagan first debate an absolute condition. But that was not only the President's preference but his intention. At a meeting August 26 among Carter, Reagan, and League representatives, and in a subsequent White House announcement, this was made perfectly clear. At the meeting, Carter spokesmen said amicably but firmly that the first debate had to be solely between Carter and Reagan; that Carter thereafter would be willing to debate Anderson and maybe other candidates but hoped to have more than one head-to-head with Reagan; that Carter would like the first debate to occur in early September; and that other sponsors had offered to stage one or more debates if the League couldn't meet Carter's conditions. Reagan spokesmen didn't exactly duck an

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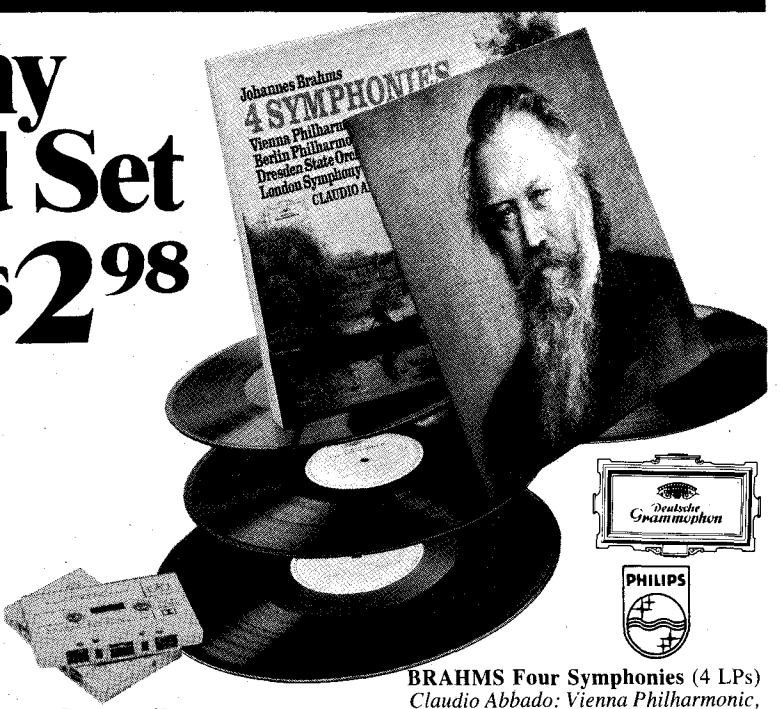

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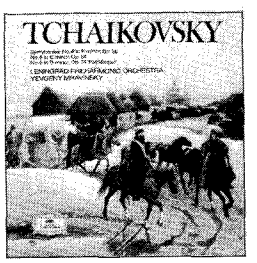

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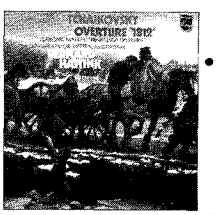

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initial one-on-one with Carter, but said they'd as soon wait and see whether Anderson qualified under League criteria. Anyhow, Reagan didn't want to spend the whole campaign debating and would prefer only two presidential debates. And, wonder of wonders, he'd prefer to dispense with the customary panel of media questioners and have it out head-to-head between the debaters, however many they might be, with a moderator to keep order. Ruth Hinerfeld and former FCC chairman Newton Minow, a League consultant, said the League stood by its original criteria including the 15 percent poll requirement, and therefore could not guarantee Anderson's exclusion from the first League debate.

Late that afternoon Powell announced that the National Press Club in Washington had invited Carter and Reagan to debate each other and that Carter had accepted. A Reagan spokesman, Joe Holmes, growled that the invitation probably had been cooked up between the club's governors and the Carter people. Reagan predictably embarrassed Carter by rejecting the press club invitation. Powell didn't say, and perhaps didn't know, that the press club governors had also told Carter, Reagan, and Anderson that the club would be happy to sponsor separate one-on-ones between Reagan and Anderson and Carter and Anderson.

A possible consequence of all this was that there wouldn't be any presidential debates this year. We should be so lucky.

John Osborne

Politics

Who's Got the Jews?

President Carter is enjoying a dramatic comeback surge in the opinion polls. Gallup shows him running even with Reagan. Harris has him just six points behind, up from 20. The AP/NBC poll shows Carter trailing by seven, as opposed to 25 points before the Democratic convention. Carter wasn't done any harm by Ronald Reagan's string of verbal fiascos—his praise of the Vietnam War as a "noble endeavor" (suggesting he might sponsor more of the same), his unexplained questioning of the theory of evolution (suggesting he is antediluvian in his thinking), and his insistence on favoring government-to-government relations with Taiwan (raising serious problems with China). Carter having committed no comparable blunders lately, he may well begin leading in the next round of polls. His cause is aided by a rapprochement with Edward Kennedy and by endorsements from the UAW, the AFL-CIO, and the American Federation of Teachers.

But Carter remains in very serious trouble. As David Broder reminded everyone last week in the *Washington Post*, presidential elections aren't won in one big national vote, but in 51 separate contests in the states and the District of Columbia. In electoral vote terms, Carter must be counted behind. In 1976 Carter carried 23 states and DC for a total of 297 electoral votes, 27 more than a majority. Gerald Ford received 241 electoral votes. This year, however, some of the states Carter won in 1976 look like they will switch to Reagan—especially Texas, with 26 electoral votes, Mississippi (7), Florida (17), Louisiana (10), and Wisconsin (11). There is no comparable collection of Ford states that is leaning to Carter this time.

If Carter is to win this year in spite of Reagan gains in Texas and elsewhere in the south, he will have to keep all the northern industrial states he won last time (Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York) and steal one or more of those Ford carried (Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Connecticut).

This is where the trouble comes for Carter. If Carter can't carry New York, he probably can't win the election. If he can't carry the Jews in New York, he probably can't carry New York. And Carter is in very bad shape with the Jews in New York and everywhere else in the country.

Carter has difficulties with other traditionally Democratic ethnic and interest groups, too—northern blacks, union members, Catholics—and with some swing groups that he captured in 1976, notably born-again evangelicals. But the Jews are especially interesting because of their apparently extreme disaffection for Carter, and for the consequences it could have on this election.

America's 5.7 million Jews compose about 2.7 percent of the US population, but they customarily turn out to vote in far higher percentages than any other group, so their proportion of the electorate is far higher than their share of the overall population. My expert adviser, Mark A. Siegel, former White House Jewish liaison man (he quit in a huff in 1978 over the sale of F-15 jets to Saudi Arabia), says that one can normally multiply Jewish population percentages by three to get their proportion of the electorate in a Democratic primary, and by two for their percentage in a general election. So Jews compose less than six percent of the November electorate nationally. But in New York they are close to 25 percent of the voters; in New Jersey, 12 percent; in Florida, 10 percent. About six percent of the voters in California are Jewish; about five percent in Illinois; seven percent in Pennsylvania; and three percent in Ohio.

Normally, Jews vote heavily Democratic. According to one Republican expert, 60 percent of the Jewish voters consider themselves Democrats, 32 percent independents, and only eight percent Republicans. In national elections, Jewish adherence to the Democratic party has been even more intense than that. In 1968 Hubert Humphrey received close to 80 percent of the

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Religion and the 1980 Campaign

It does not now appear that divisive or distractive religious issues of the sort that have marked presidential campaigns in the past are likely to have any place in the forthcoming campaign. There will be no "Catholic issue," like that of the Kennedy campaign of 1960, which moved John Kennedy to declare to a group of Protestant ministers in Houston, Texas, that he would make his decisions in the national interest and without regard "to outside religious pressures or dictates." Kennedy said that if a time were to come when the office of president would require him to either violate his conscience or violate the national interest, "then," he said "I would resign the office." He added, "And I hope that any other conscientious public servant would do likewise," presumably leaving only the unconscienced and the unconscientious to run the shop.

Richard Nixon, in that campaign and subsequently, headed off questions about the possibility that, because of his Quaker background, he might be a pacifist by pointing out that he might have been deferred from military service because of that background, but he had served. Nixon was in fact a militant pacifist.

Senator Charles Percy in a short run at the presidency said that even though he was a Christian Scientist, he could and would support medical programs for the country.

Even Dwight Eisenhower did not altogether escape challenge on religious grounds. His family were members of a religious sect which did not believe in baptism. That issue occasionally was raised against him in the campaign, and apparently moved him to have himself baptized between his election and his inauguration. Eisenhower was described by William Lee Miller as "a fervent believer in a very vague religion."

Despite modest beginnings, the Eisenhower administration did take on a distinctive religious tone. The president added a prayer to his own inaugural address. The inaugural parade set what was called at the time a "precedent," although that precedent has not been followed, by including what was called "God's Float." During the Eisenhower administration, the pledge of allegiance to the flag was changed to include the words "under God"; the postmaster general issued a red, white, and blue postage stamp bearing the motto "In God We Trust"; and it was prescribed that all American money should carry the same motto. Legislation was introduced directing the Post Office to cancel mail with a stamp bearing the imprint," Pray for Peace," and on the first Fourth of July of his administration Eisenhower urged Americans to spend the day in prayer and penance.

Elmer Davis reported of that day: "The greatest demonstration of the religious character of the administration came on July Fourth, which the President told us all to spend as a day of penance and prayer. Then he, himself, caught four fish in the morning, played eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon, and spent the evening at the bridge table."

All three leading candidates in this year's campaign have been baptized, although by public report only President Carter was "totally immersed" in the process. Not one of them is a member of a religious body with well defined theological or historical positions. Each of them is, by his own testimony, a reborn Christian. Religious differences among the three consequently cannot be substantive, but rather relative and of degree. There are no recognized, objective standards for determining when religious rebirth has occurred, or what results follow from it. The only sure witness to the rebirth, which is essentially an inner experience, is the person who experiences the rebirth.

Ronald Reagan's rebirth seems to have been a modest one, nothing like the conversion of St. Paul on the way to Damascus, nor as startling as those of Jimmy Carter and John Anderson. It was, or at least appears to have been, gradual, and to have stopped at a relatively modest level of religious intensity. As a candidate, he has gone only so far as to ask at the end of his speech accepting the Republican party's nomination that those watching television and present at the convention join him in a moment of silent prayer.

President Carter is much more specific about his experience of religious rebirth, possibly because it occurred more recently than those of either of the other two candidates. He recalls time, place, and effects. It changed his outlook, and moved him to frequent prayer. At one point before he was elected, he reported that he prayed 29 times a day and spoke to Jesus about nine times. Later, under questioning as to the frequency of his praying as president, he has not been quite so specific. But he has said that he prays often, and especially when he feels a "trepidation." He also has claimed that he prayed more than anyone else over some national problems, an assertion hard to prove and also hard to dispute.

John Anderson was reborn when he was quite young, about 10 or 11 years old, in what he described as a "catastrophic experience," following his exposure to the gospel story of the beheading of John the Baptist. Anderson's religio-political commitment reached a high point when he introduced his now notorious legislation for an amendment to the Constitution declaring the United States to be a Christian nation. There has been some dropping off from that high point in the course of this campaign. Anderson has said that the proposed amendment was a mistake. Moreover, Anderson, who, as he wrestled with difficult decisions early in his campaign, said that God was his campaign director, has since enlisted the services of political expert David Garth.

With the religious differences among the candidates this year minimal at most, the prospective voters can safely concentrate on the political differences.

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy was one of the last major presidential candidates to have been born only once.

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Jewish vote. In 1972 George McGovern scored an all-time low—65 percent, according to a CBS poll, and 58 percent, according to Harris. In 1976 Jimmy Carter received between 72 percent and 75 percent of the Jewish vote, depending on which poll you read.

This year is shaping up to be a disaster for the Democratic ticket, according to both poll results and unscientific soundings by Jewish community leaders. The Harris poll for mid-August shows that Carter is favored by only 30 percent of Jewish voters, compared to 36 for John Anderson and 25 for Ronald Reagan, with 10 percent not sure. When it's stipulated that Anderson has a real chance to win, he gets 55 percent support from Jews to 22 for Carter and 20 for Reagan. Harris's sample for this poll is very small, only 62 Jewish voters, so its statistical validity is in some doubt. But Harris told me that another poll with double that sample shows similar figures—Anderson 38, Carter 27, Reagan 25 in a straight three-way match-up; and Anderson 56, Carter 21, Reagan 20 if Anderson appears to have a chance to win.

According to these and other polls he's taken, Harris said, "there's no question that Carter is in deep trouble with the Jews. It's not that they don't respect what he did at Camp David, but there's a deep emotional thing working here. Jews feel that if it came to a choice, Carter would come down against the Jews and against Israel." Harris would not discuss the results in detail, but one of his subordinates said the Harris organization has conducted an extensive private study on anti-Semitism in America which includes interviews with 1,100 Jews. Apparently the survey confirms that Jimmy Carter's approval ratings are very low.

That was practically the unanimous judgment, too, of Jewish community leaders and political experts I talked to last week. Rabbi Alexander Schindler, former chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, said that an unprecedented 25 percent of Jewish voters may not vote at all for president in 1980. He said Carter might come in third among the other 75 percent.

A New York area US representative who does not want to be identified said that his heavily Jewish district voted 72 percent for Carter in 1976, but probably would give him only 40 percent today.

Tom Dine, a thoughtful, well-connected Senate aide who has just been selected as executive director of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, the Zionist lobbying group, said that if the election were held now, Carter almost certainly would fall below McGovern's low of 65 percent. "I think he's going to have to work hard to get 50 percent," he said.

Republicans have much the same sense of how things are going. Rita Hauser, a member of Ronald Reagan's Jewish advisory committee, said she thinks Anderson's attractiveness to Jewish voters will drop sharply as the election draws near. Then, she said, "our aim is not to get a majority of Jewish votes for Reagan, but between 35 percent and 40 percent—what Nixon got against McGovern. If we do that, we've won the election."

If Hauser and the others are right, the Jewish votes could seal the election for Reagan. According to an authoritative analysis making the rounds of all three presidential campaigns, a shift in the Jewish vote nationally from 75 percent Democratic (as Carter got in 1976) to 60 percent would cost Carter New York and Ohio, or 66 electoral votes. If Carter and Reagan split the Jewish vote evenly, Carter might also lose Pennsylvania with 27 electoral votes. This analysis assumes that Anderson has ceased to be a factor in the election. If Anderson retains his popularity among Jewish voters, he still would tap off votes that Carter needs to win a majority in these key states and in the electoral college.

Despite repeated calls, I was unable to reach any of President Carter's Jewish affairs strategists for a rebuttal to these gloomy assessments. It seems clear enough, though, how Carter plans to fight against the current trend: emphasize Camp David and his administration's $10 billion aid program to Israel, which amounts to half of all American assistance to the Jewish state since its founding. The president's people also can remind Jews that Carter has been endorsed by Israel's leading moderates, Ezer Weizman and Moshe Dayan. If Carter were stronger, conceivably he could run with effect against Menahem Begin, who presumably favors Reagan, representing the Likud prime minister as an intrasigent threat to peace in the Middle East and to Israel's well-being. That is how most Carter aides feel about Begin, and the way many American Jews secretly feel, too. But Carter is not trusted enough by American Jews to do this. He would be accused of attacking Israel, not Begin, and it would help Ronald Reagan.

Whatever Jews may think of Reagan—not much, according to all the polls—they seem to be swayed most by the deep suspicion that Carter basically is no friend of Israel. The evidence is all very familiar: Carter's "town meeting" endorsement of a "Palestinian homeland"; the Andy Young affair, in which the administration is widely believed to have purposely pitted American blacks against American Jews; the "mistaken" United Nations vote condemning Israeli settlements policy; Billy Carter's anti-Semitic remarks and his involvement with Libya; and, latest, the US refusal to veto a UN Security Council resolution calling for removal of foreign embassies from Jerusalem.

Beneath these specifics is a set of strong convictions among Jews, which Carter will be hard-put to erase. One is that Carter and his top advisers devalue Israel both as a strategic asset and as a democracy. According to one top official of a Jewish agency in Washington, Pentagon plans for the defense of US interests in the Middle East contemplate no role whatever for Israel. "All this administration appreciates is the intelligence it gets from Israel," he said. Many Jews believe that

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instead of Israel, Carter and Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski are intent on currying favor with—and selling weapons to—"regional influentials" in the Middle East such as Saudi Arabia, the Sudan, Jordan, Egypt, and perhaps even Iraq. Mark Siegel says, "At least Ronald Reagan considers Israel a strategic asset; Carter considers it a moral burden."

A related suspicion among Jews is that if Carter were reelected and freed from election-year accountability, he would commence negotiations with the Palestine Liberation Organization and announce support for an independent Palestinian state (meaning a PLO state) in the West Bank. This would be a reversal of present American policy—it would, in fact, make Jimmy Carter an outright liar—but many Jewish leaders and voters believe this is the trend of US policy. According to a Jewish agency official in Washington, strenuous efforts were made to get Carter, at his August 7 "Billygate" press conference, to publicly repudiate the statement by Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi that US officials have promised a dramatic change in Mideast policy in a second Carter administration. Carter made no such disavowal at the press conference, or anywhere else.

Carter will have another major opportunity to improve his standing in the Jewish community on September 4 when he delivers the wind-up speech at the national convention of B'nai B'rith in Washington. Carter will be preceded by Reagan and Anderson. According to some prominent Jews, though, nothing Carter says can have any effect on the Jewish community anymore because no one believes him. "Events could have a dramatic impact," said Alexander Schindler, "but words won't do."

Morton Kondracke

Why running for office costs so much.

An Expensive Hobby

About this time every leap year the nation's most solemn political pundits begin a ritual denunciation of the high cost of American electoral campaigns. There's no question that politicians are spreading around some pretty hefty sums of money. Between them, Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter will have squandered about $90 million by November 4. And high costs are not unique to presidential campaigns. In 1978 William Clements spent more than seven million dollars to become Texas's first Republican governor since Reconstruction. New York governor Hugh Carey spent five million dollars to fend off a reelection challenge. Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina needed six million dollars to ensure his continuance on the public payroll. Last year, in an unusually freewheeling Louisiana governor's race, six candidates spent $16 million in the primary, with the two survivors spending another $12 million in the general election. The winner, David Treen, spent about three and a half dollars for each vote he got, a rate that would have dismayed Huey Long. But that's nothing compared to Alaska's 1978 gubernatorial race, where one losing candidate shelled out $41.23 per vote. In 1976, all political spending in the US totaled $540 million.

But these escalating costs are not a good reason for wailing and gnashing of teeth. For one thing, $540 million isn't what it used to be. Herbert Alexander of the University of Southern California, author of several books on campaign financing, points out that Proctor & Gamble and General Motors still spend more money on advertising every year than all political candidates spend in an election year. Political spending has not outpaced inflation. A recent report by a California state commission noted that campaign costs in California gubernatorial races have remained stable in real terms since 1958. All political spending rose only 27 percent between 1972 and 1976, while the consumer price index increased 36 percent. In real terms, then, campaign spending actually may be declining.

The big increase in spending came several years back, as television advertising became a staple of many races, including almost all statewide campaigns. That happened mainly between 1964 and 1968, when total political spending jumped a full 50 percent. Since then, costs have remained pretty stable.

Most political consultants and analysts put most of the blame for rising campaign costs on soaring charges for television advertising. John Deardourff, one of the top Republican consultants, estimates that TV costs have quadrupled since 1970. Unlike space in newspapers and magazines, TV time is a finite resource. Political candidates don't have to bid just against each other, but against thousands of other advertisers like Proctor & Gamble and General Motors, most of whom have more money. There is considerable irony in the government's policy of letting the networks enjoy use of the airwaves for free, and then paying them (through public financing of presidential elections) whatever they wish to charge to run political ads.

Candidates are buying more TV ads than ever before. In 1976 Jimmy Carter spent more than eight million dollars on TV advertising, 50 percent more than George McGovern four years earlier (though McGovern spent more money in all) and more than a third of his entire budget. Deardourff says that some of his candidates spend as much as 90 percent of their funds on TV.

Another component of campaigns that has become increasingly important and costly is direct mail. Ten years ago it was an insignificant part of campaigns, but two things have combined to make it a crucial means of reaching voters and raising money. The first was the 1974 Federal Election Campaign Act, which put limits on how much an individual could contribute to a can-

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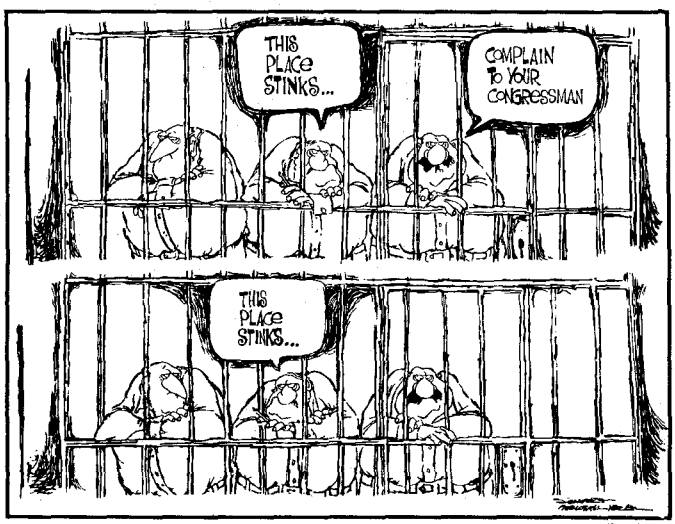
didate. The contribution limit made it impossible for candidates to rely largely on a handful of fat cats for campaign funds. Instead, money had to be raised in smaller amounts from a lot more people. The only practical way to get lots of small contributions is to solicit people by mail.

The other factor is the increasing use of computers, which make it possible for campaigns to break the electorate down into specific interest groups and appeal to them directly. A candidate who wants to let black voters know how much he cares about their needs can do so in a personal letter. This has several advantages over other types of advertising. It allows a personal message, which immediately heightens the impact. It permits the candidate to focus on the issues of greatest concern to the voter. And it enables a candidate to express sympathy for the goals of one group of people (say, union members) without alienating another group (say, businessmen). Advertising by television, by contrast, forces the candidate to use the same pitch for all voters. Direct mail is also expensive. Third-class bulk postage costs have doubled since 1971. And a typical piece of direct mail costs 35 to 40 cents even before postage. Direct-mail specialists, particularly conservative mastermind Richard Viguerie, take a large chunk of the proceeds from fundraising appeals. In Jesse Helms's race, Viguerie raised six million dollars through direct mail, but his share was four million dollars.

Direct-mail specialists aren't the only people getting rich from the changes in American politics. An entire industry of political consultants—pollsters, direct-mail experts, media specialists—has grown up in the last decade. Ten years ago a typical campaign might be run by a local party stalwart or even by a candidate's law partner. Consultants were used, if at all, for a limited period to help in a specific area—to conduct a poll or produce a TV commercial. The consultant was only a peripheral part of the campaign. "Now a campaign probably doesn't exist until the consultant is hired," says Frank O'Brien, a Washington direct-mail specialist and former campaign consultant. O'Brien blames the trend partly on contribution limits and other reforms that have made fundraising harder and more expensive. "You can't tolerate ineffective management, so there are fewer and fewer non-professionals involved in campaigns," he says. "There are very few people who know how to run a campaign anymore who aren't consultants." Another reason for the rise of consultants is that campaigns now rely heavily on the sophisticated use of technology, which requires professional specialists.



drawing by Bill Schorr

The 1974 campaign reforms have had the perverse effect of raising costs in other ways too. The biggest new cost comes from all the paperwork required to comply with the law, which may take as much as 20 percent of the campaign budget. Every campaign of any size now needs a lawyer and an accountant just as badly as a campaign manager.

At the root of the high costs of political campaigns are some fundamental changes in American society and politics. TV advertising and direct-mail appeals largely have taken the place of old instruments for influencing voters, like party identification, city machines, and traditional union and business allegiances. Most Americans don't vote according to party label anymore. Ticket-splitting is the norm rather than the exception, and a plurality of voters describe themselves as independents. Local machines are conspicuous today only for their failures. The once-mighty Cook County machine couldn't even reelect Richard Daley's hand-picked successor last year. New York, where Boss Tweed made his mark, "no longer has Democratic machines important in determining election outcomes," according to the *Almanac of American Politics*. Unions include only a shrinking minority of the nation's work force, and union members show no special inclination to vote as their leaders recommend.

Television advertising is part cause and part effect of this growing voter independence. A voter no longer must rely on the judgment of other people for impressions of a candidate: he can evaluate the candidate himself, in the privacy of his own living room. Whatever impression a TV ad leaves is bound to carry greater weight with the average auto worker than Douglas Fraser's opinion. The rapid increase in the educational levels of Americans in the postwar years, financed in part by the GI bill, produced a population of voters who simply wouldn't vote for somebody just because he was a Democrat or had the local bosses' support. Machines also were weakened by the gradual replacement of patronage by merit hiring, and the increasing mobility of the population, which weakened traditional allegiances to city and neighborhood.

The women's movement has had the indirect effect of making campaigns more expensive. Parties and candidates used to depend on volunteers, mostly housewives, to handle many time-consuming chores, such as canvassing door-to-door, addressing envelopes, and working in phone banks to get sympathetic voters to the polls on election day. Now most campaigns use paid workers to handle these jobs.

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But the high cost of campaigns is not such a bad thing. Most of the money spent in campaigns is spent on communicating information to the voters, and the information serves a useful purpose. A 1978 study sponsored by Harvard University's Institute of Politics concluded, "The most competitive elections, where the voters have the most information about the candidates, are those in which the most money is spent. Election contests in which spending is comparatively high are also those in which voting participation tends to be highest." The more money candidates spend to get elected, the better informed voters are likely to be about choices before them, and the better the odds that they will make intelligent judgments. Expensive campaigns, it turns out, are a boon to democracy.

Stephen Chapman

Brewster's embassy.

The King in England

London

Since the departure of David Bruce in 1969, the British have become accustomed to some fairly decorative American ambassadors. First there was Walter Annenberg, the millionaire publisher of *Daily Racing Form*, who immortalized himself on television shortly after his arrival playing a bit part in a documentary film about the royal family. When the queen asked how he was settling in, he attempted to tell her that the residence was being redecorated, but could only manage a long string of circumlocutions that included the phrase "elements of refurbishment." Annenberg was regarded with affection ever after. He spent $250,000 a year on his mission, although even today the pay is only $55,000 with an embassy allowance of $45,000. Nor did his penchant for dressing up as a cardinal when he was dining alone with Mrs. Annenberg diminish him in the popular esteem.

Mr. Annenberg was followed by an ambassador who was regarded as too quiet (Elliott Richardson), and then by one who was regarded as too loud (Anne Armstrong), and neither stayed for more than a year, which did nothing to increase the prestige of the office. The absence of an experienced ambassador downgraded the role of the entire embassy, much to the irritation of the career diplomats assigned there. Ambassador Armstrong had to battle to get into meetings between Secretary of State Kissinger and British ministers.

The American embassy itself is notorious among the British for several unfortunate reasons. Adlai Stevenson died on the sidewalk outside. The most spectacular political riot in England since World War II took place on the lawns in front of it (issue: Vietnam). Many resent its mere existence. To accommodate it, one side of the once beautiful Grosvenor Square was demolished, and Londoners have never really taken to the tactless bronze eagle that looms wearily over the plane trees from high up on the embassy facade.

The British are a demanding audience for whoever is playing US ambassador. In Kingman Brewster, the Carter administration made an inspired choice for the part. Except for not being a professional diplomatist, he seemed perfect. Having been president of Yale was a good start. He knew Britain and liked it. The British press described him as "a New England patrician," and the gossip columnists were delighted by his gold ring with family motto in Norman French, and by the tales of Elder Brewster who sailed away from Plymouth with the Pilgrim Fathers in search of religious freedom. (The good Elder might have been slightly puzzled to learn that he had founded a dynasty of establishment lawyers who did most of their sailing in the waters off Martha's Vineyard.) Tales of Brewster's days at Yale, when he invited the Black Panthers and 15,000 supporters to tea, had preceded him. Londoners sat back to enjoy him with a keen sense of anticipation. Some feel they still are waiting for the curtain to rise, even though there are signs, irrespective of events in November, Brewster may be about to depart.

Kingman Brewster's entry in the British Who's Who immediately precedes Leonid Brezhnev's. Comrade Brezhnev's is shorter. No doubt that reflects the greater range of opportunities in the United States. Brewster's entry includes a fair selection of such opportunities. He graduated from Yale, flew with the Navy during the war, passed through Harvard Law School *magna cum laude*, worked in the Marshall Plan office in Paris, became professor of law at Harvard in 1953, and then president of Yale 10 years later at the age of 44. While a student at Yale, he was an isolationist who supported the America First movement and invited Lindbergh to speak on the campus. While presiding over the same university, he once prevented Governor Wallace from speaking there. His reputation as an isolationist was made at a time of vigorous isolationism. His reputation as a left-wing sympathizer was made at a time of vigorous left-wing activity. In London he is regarded as a patrician, and that is no disadvantage either. His career has been raised on the twin poles of Yale and Martha's Vineyard. Brewster's friendship with the previous president of Yale, A. Whitney Griswold, started while he was an undergraduate and continued during their vacations in neighboring summer houses. Later he was chosen as ambassador by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, an established friend who was a member of the Yale Corporation, and who swore him into office at his university residence after a ceremony at which both their sons received Yale BA degrees. The British were comforted to learn that Oxbridge has such an exact

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transatlantic counterpart.

Brewster demurs from Sir Henry Wotton's classic definition of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Shortly after taking up his post he announced: "I have been amazed that hypocrisy does not seem to be required of an ambassador. . . . You don't find yourself saying things you don't believe." Nevertheless, he has not entirely avoided the unctuous tone which seems to be a professional hazard. Thus, when he was accredited early in order to attend the queen's silver jubilee celebrations, he said this was an example of Her Majesty's "enormous" generosity. Similarly, a good British television series (Alistair Cooke, Kenneth Clark) becomes "a fantastic accomplishment." In his defense it might be said that such hyperbole rings less false on official occasions. Socially, Brewster sometimes gives the impression of deploying just enough charm and mental energy to disguise the fact that he is easily bored, another occupational hazard for diplomats. He has the ability to follow two conversations at once, but otherwise shows little sign of being on his intellectual mettle. He occasionally employs archaic slang ("beaver" for hat, or "tooling off" for leaving) which falls awkwardly even on archaic English ears.

When Brewster arrived at the embassy, the staff asked whether he wished to be shown "the substance." Not surprisingly, Brewster made a point of his decision to become involved in the day-to-day work of the mission. Since then, however, he has redelegated considerable responsibility to the deputy head of the mission, explaining that it has always been his style "to share front office responsibility."

A glance at Brewster's daily schedule illustrates a typical day in the life of the American ambassador:

9:30 Staff Meeting
10:30 Press backgrounder
12:45 Lunch with Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington
3:00 Present Meritorious Honor Award to Mr. Alec Peltier
3:15 Marine Promotion Ceremony
3:30 Economic Staff Meeting
6:30-8:00 Drinks to celebrate 50th anniversary of Chapter XI, the Colonial Dames of America at Queen's House, Her Majesty's Tower of London with Mrs. Brewster
8:00 Private Dinner with Mrs. Brewster. Dress: Lounge Suit.

Doonesbury
WITH DISCONTENT IN THE AIR, THE S.D.S. HAS STAGED A RALLY IN FRONT OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE LED BY "MEGAPHONE" MARK SLACKMEYER. DESPITE THE POOR TURNOUT, MARK DOGGEDLY GOES AHEAD WITH THE RALLY...
ALRIGHT, KING, THIS IS SDS! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS R.O.T.C AND CLASSES AND AUTHORITY AND STUFF!! DO YOU HEAR ME!
WHY, HELLO THERE, MARK. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME ON IN AND RAP?
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS...
GBTrudeau
Drawing by Garry Trudeau. First published in *The Yale Daily News*, 1969.

And so to bed in Winfield House, the ambassador's magnificent and secluded residence in Regent's Park.

There is some work to the job, which takes place at meetings with British ministers and in communications with the State Department. But the background to these efforts is frequently the Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, or White's Club in St. James's, or All Souls College, Oxford. Then there is the Jockey Club; a box at Glyndebourne; lunch at the *Spectator* magazine; and "the Annual Banquet to meet the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs and their Ladies, given by the Worshipful Company of Scientific Instrument Makers at Scientific Instrument Makers Hall in the City of London: Dress, Evening Dress with Decorations." It must be a terrible shock to stop being an ambassador. In order to maintain an even keel through this storm of good living, Brewster says, he switched from bourbon to vodka "because it doesn't generate hangovers."

Less glittery, but also part of the job, are regular meetings with people like the chairman of Mobil Oil, or the chairman of Phillips Petroleum, or the president of United Technologies Corporation, or the chairman of the Gillette Company. As Brewster said about his previous job, "Everybody likes to see the head waiter." Add to this the periodic congressional delegations, and the stifling paraphernalia of daily security. It has become a notably more dangerous, and therefore more irksome, job since Brewster arrived.

The last four years have not been easy ones in which to represent American foreign policy to foreign governments. Seen from abroad, Carter foreign policy started off with a bang, taking a wide-ranging moral offensive on the human rights issue and managing to upset some allies as well as stir up some enemies. It has ended with the rearguard action of the Olympic boycott, the virtual collapse of the Middle East peace initiative, the debacle in Tehran, and the strategic defeat of Afghanistan. In 1978 Brewster said in a speech to the international press in London, "We are on high ground again. The climb ahead is long and steep, but I would rather start from where we are than from where we were a year ago." Those words ring rather hollow today.

When Brewster was appointed, one London paper wrote, "If Brewster brings to the embassy the same strength and irreverence he took to the university, the diplomatic corps may never be quite the same." That transformation does not seem to have happened, and

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the signs are that the embassy of Kingman Brewster is now drawing to a close. With the departure of Vance, his embassy has lost some of its New Haven leverage. And even if the Democrats win in November, Kingman Brewster will offer his resignation. He will do so in such a way as to hint that although he might be prepared to carry on if there was nothing else going, he really would prefer a new job. When he left Yale he said, "You are not all that marketable as the years tick off beyond 57. . . ." This was the time to look around. Last month he said, "I am 61 and for a man with one more job ahead of him it is time to move." Even in 1967 his friends at Yale said that they easily could imagine him as an ambassador or in a Cabinet post. Taxed with this Brewster replies, "They had more imagination than I had. My crystal ball never had an embassy in it. And certainly never contained a Cabinet office."

It may be too late for the Supreme Court, but the State Department might not be that far beyond Brewster's imagination. It was not that far beyond Walter Mitty's. On more attainable lines there are always the various foundation presidencies. And the World Bank also will be up for grabs shortly. Kingman Brewster's next step probably is being plotted during one of these late summer weekends on a sloop somewhere out in Nantucket Sound.

Patrick Marnham

Patrick Marnham, a British journalist, is the author of *Fantastic Invasion: Africa in the 1980s* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

The problem is not a lack of "will," but a lack of government.

The Decline of America

by Henry Fairlie

The current debate about the "decline of America" ought to be kept within political limits. Those who try to give it cultural or moral dimensions are all too easily tempted to histrionics and to have the vapors. We are speaking of America as a nation, a political entity. We are not concerned with it as a culture. The subject of the debate is decline, not to be transcribed as decadence. The worry is over a failure of government, not a loss of will or nerve. Democracies, especially, do not lose their wills; they simply are misgoverned. If they are being misgoverned, there is a political remedy.

The debate sprang, after all, from political circumstances. Among these have been: anxiety over the policy of detente and the accompanying American dependence on local surrogates to protect its interests abroad, which together formed the Nixon-Kissinger doctrine; revulsion at the capture of the Democratic party by George McGovern and his supporters in 1972, forcefully expressed by the formation of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority; alarm at the American failure to resist the OPEC nations in 1973-74, and the similar weakness of America in the face of Russian expansion; shock at the gathering evidence of the growth in Russian power, and at the yearly evidence of the simultaneous decline in American power. These are political circumstances, the result of political decisions, which can be politically reversed. They all arose under a Republican regime and before the advent of Jimmy Carter, and also before the Iranian revolution and the invasion of Afghanistan.

The debate was begun by those who see a "present danger" to America and its allies in the decline of its military power. I agree that this decline is dangerous. My views are on record in this journal. When Robert Dole in 1976 described the American wars of this century as "Democrat wars," I wrote that it is an honorable claim for the Democrats that they have been the war party in a century when America has had to be a warring nation. In an article earlier this year called "Does America Matter?" I wrote that the overriding issue in the election may be summarized in the question, "Will America Fight?" In between those two pieces, I severely criticized George F. Kennan for his abandonment of his own policy of containing the Soviet Union. In between these two pieces also—a fact with which I can be and am taunted—we have had the administration of Jimmy Carter. But where I stand in the debate is plain.

The facts about our present danger are so clear and the consequences so apparent that they need no reassertion. They recently have been set out by Norman Podhoretz in his eloquent and formidable pamphlet, *The Present Danger*. The subject has been explored from different angles by Daniel Patrick Moynihan in many speeches and articles, some of which he has now collected in *Counting Our Blessings* (Little, Brown/An Atlan-

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tic Monthly Press Book), with his characteristic combination of directness of theme and subtlety of argument. Yet I dissent from the "new nationalists," as Podhoretz calls himself and his allies, in one or two important respects.

I fear that the sudden surge of support for those who see a present danger to America has all too little to do with the persuasiveness of their arguments. Events in Iran and Afghanistan may have given them an indisputable relevance, but this is not the same as saying that they are now seen as abidingly accurate. The new nationalists are well aware of this. They know that the renewed vigilance may relax if Russia seems to relax, which it may well do in the face of its own difficulties in Afghanistan and the warning from Poland. Paul Nitze has said that Russia, believing that history is on its side, is always ready to be prudent for a while, if it finds itself checked in its advance. It is in those periods that people in the democracies grow slack. Podhoretz says that the new nationalism is "clearly neither insubstantial nor evanescent." I hope he is right. But this is not to say that popular or even informed support for it is substantial or reliable.

One has only to call in evidence the slithering of the *New York Times* on the question, which Podhoretz often quotes to dreadful effect. An additional memorable example appeared on March 23. It represents what may legitimately be called the appeasing or even pacifist position in America now. The editorial began by criticizing this year's presidential candidates for failing to come to grips with the probable "strengths and weaknesses of America for the next four years." But after this promising start, we soon are back on the usual slide:

> The neglected reality is American weakness—but not as measured in missiles, or captured diplomats, or bungled votes at the United Nations. If these are significant at all, they are mere symptoms of a deeper infirmity. America is not in imminent military danger. Its economic potential, by almost every standard, remains preeminent. It is the most naturally blessed of nations. It still proclaims the most appealing ideology.

After this huge dose of sedatives—measure the danger in missiles? nothing so unpolished or disturbing—whatever can be the weakness? "America lacks the wealth to satisfy its will." The single necessary remedy is "a mighty new surge of wealth-creating production." Then the rest will fall into place. There is, after all, a relatively painless way out. Produce more. Reindustrialize. The country's military power will be restored by its renewed productive power. Then the clincher. Industrial power is the "only meaningful coin in a peaceful world."

Undeniably the productive capacity of the United States needs to be renewed. But however rich and industrially powerful the United States may become again, the choices which are avoided now will still confront it. How much of its wealth should be devoted to military strength? To what state of preparedness should America be brought in order to use this strength effectively? America could have afforded to maintain and employ its arsenal and its armed forces in the past 10 years, but it chose not to afford it. So what justification is there for believing that America automatically will choose to afford security when it is more prosperous again? America in the 1920s was prosperous—and isolationist. America in the 1950s was prosperous—and slackened. And if industrial wealth is "the only meaningful coin in a peaceful world," then why does a country as economically unsound as Russia, with its people generally so poor, find that its military strength is indeed a meaningful coin?

The power of a great nation exists only in the calculations of others, foes and allies, of what its future conduct will be. This calculation is based on its present performance. This, not industrial wealth, is the meaningful coin. Ask the Turks why they turned to Russia for aid. It was not because Russia is wealthy and America poor. America did not cancel its aid to Turkey because it could not afford it. To suppose otherwise is an evasion of the hard facts of military power, and of the hard choices that are presented by them.

Podhoretz describes the American attitude to war: "War to Americans is a calamity when it happens, it is a dirty business while it lasts, and the sooner it can be gotten over with the better." Well, maybe. But Americans warred a great deal to establish their might on their own continent, and they did it largely with no allies. They live on a continent now with only two neighbors, neither, since 1765, comparable in strength or numbers or industrial wealth. The difficulty Americans have in conceiving their military power in terms of alliances is puzzling and even alarming to other nations. America's allies never can be quite sure from its present performance what its future conduct toward them will be.

There is a persistent myth in America that, because its power was so preponderant in 1918 and then again in 1945, America saved Europe by itself in both the world wars. Certainly American power and the willingness to sacrifice (as field commanders in 1944 led their men back into Europe over the whitened bones of their fathers) were important. But on neither occasion could America have saved Europe, or the world, or itself, without the support and contributions of allies. And only once in its history did America attend to its alliances after peace returned. That was in the superb construction of the NATO alliance—the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan—in the face of the Russian threat in 1947. But then for how brief a period that attention was given. For all of Dulles's attempts to duplicate NATO elsewhere in the world during the 1950s, he was reckless with the allies America needed most. The British and the French have not yet forgotten how they were slapped down at Suez only nine years after the Western alliance had been formed.

(continued on page 20)

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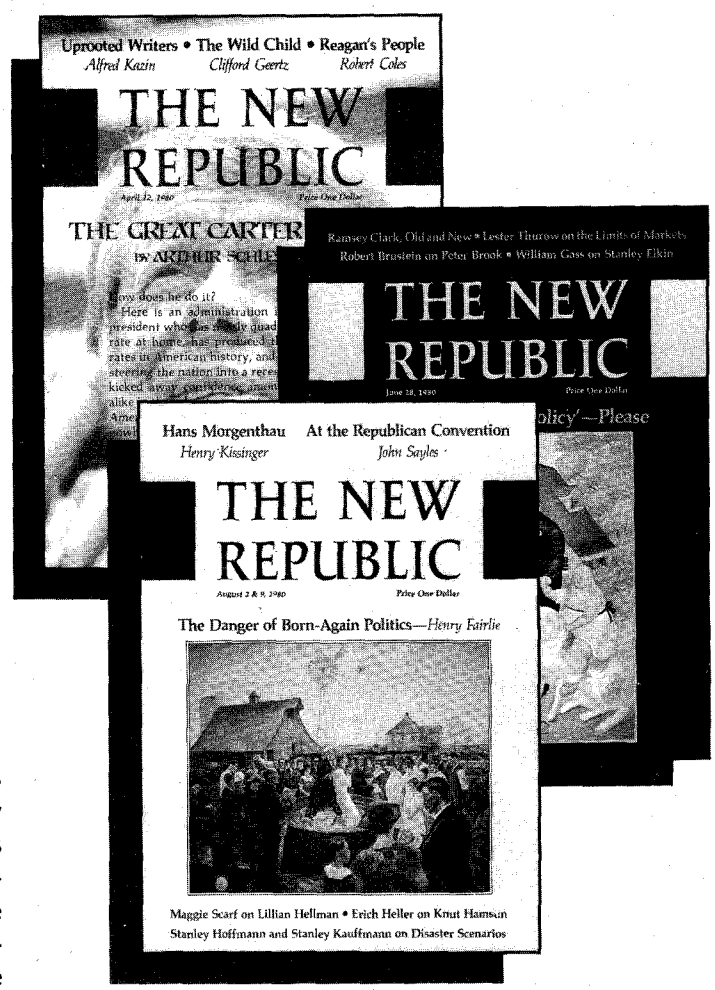
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Republican interventionism, like Republican isolationism, is founded on the belief—no less with Nixon-Kissinger than with Dulles-Eisenhower—that America can go it alone. Even in the otherwise irrefutable arguments of those who see a present danger, there is an underlying hint that all that is needed is a heave by the United States alone.

One of the more reassuring features of the 1981 defense budget is the belated but not altogether unpromising attention that now is being given to strengthening the NATO forces. One of the less reassuring features of the 1981-85 defense plans is the lack of attention given to the nature of America's alliances generally. The problem is not only that the United States does not have the military capability to protect its interests in areas like the Persian Gulf. The problem is that the United States has barely an ally left in the whole area, and none that is substantial and reliable, to make easier or even practicable the deployment of any military capability. The faults of the Nixon Doctrine were finally exposed with the collapse of the shah, which revealed the folly of relying on surrogates in place of alliances which require an American presence. Alliances need leadership. No leadership can be provided *in absentia*. Local surrogates were an attempt to have alliances cheaply. They would cost money but not men, as there are men in Europe. The decline of America is strictly the decline of its alliances.

The reason the Rapid Deployment Force seems so makeshift is not only that it is inadequately funded, but that it is still basically conceived in terms of America going it alone. Where is Lieutenant General Paul X. Kelley, the first RDF commander, meant to send his men, ships, and aircraft? For all the securing of base rights in the Persian Gulf and the Horn of Africa and the Indian Ocean, bases are not very convincing unless they are in countries bound to us by deeper alliances. This is why Turkey, which is hardly a nation of the West, was brought into NATO. Base rights are another attempt to have empire cheaply. What were the European empires, like the Roman Empire before them, but painstakingly worked out alliances? However much Afghanistan was dependent—on Russia, on Britain—its leaders were treated as allies. What was the "great game," as it was called, the long tussle between Russia and Britain along the Northwest Frontier, but an endless playing for allies among the tribes? India might be subject, its princes were not. And that great game on the Northwest Frontier which is described so well in *Kim*, as Moynihan has said, what but that are Russia and America playing now along that "tier" or "arc" that stretches from Afghanistan to the Persian Gulf? There has been a misgovernment of America's alliances. To call it a loss of will is a distraction.

Moynihan, writing from his experience as ambassador in New Delhi, describes America's failure to support India adequately or consistently in recent years, and the unlikelihood that it would support India in the last resort. But his case rests too much on a real or supposed decline in the American willingness to defend democracy and freedom. Nations do not believe much in the goodness of other nations. Dependent nations in particular do not believe much in the disinterestedness of their protectors. America's allies will trust far more in its assurances if these are seen to rest on a calculation of its long-term interests and not on a wish to spread sweetness and light round the world.

Moynihan's answer to that is that American foreign policy has to carry the people with it, to a degree that the old nations did not have to. But a need for popular support can be an obstacle to a nation's consistent pursuit of its own interests. Thus Podhoretz must make an elaborate defense of alliances with right-wing dictatorships in order to resist left-wing dictatorships. And when Ambassador Moynihan at the United Nations protested against the double standards applied by the nations of the third world, as perhaps only he would and could have done, he was always open to the criticism that he followed a double standard in the alliances which he was prepared to accept. Neither feels able to rest his arguments on the interests of the United States and, indeed as Americans, each must appeal to some lost will of the American people to fight for freedom everywhere, just as Kennedy did.

Unhappily, it seems that we must wait for another arousal of the American people in the defense of freedom in what the *New York Times* rather laughably calls a "peaceful world." What is missing from Podhoretz and Moynihan, partly because of their own premises, is an attention to politics. Their conversion of the American people might be deeper and more likely to last if they demonstrated the failure of the political arrangements which have led to America's present predicament and the manner in which those arrangements can be repaired. They come near to this when they show how Vietnam and Watergate led to a weakening of the presidency. But even in this they make their case more awkward by almost seeming to relieve Richard Nixon of any blame, while placing it all on a terrible perversion of liberalism in America in the past 15 years.

There has been such a perversion. It was seen in many of the delegates on the floor at Madison Square Garden. Perhaps the only reason why they did not wreak havoc with the defense planks of the party's platform, cautiously worded as these were, was that they are so exclusively interested in their own selves. But I think the new nationalists overemphasize the perversion, and misinterpret it. One cannot just turn one's back on all that erupted with such violence in the 1960s. Much of it was thoughtless. But much also reflected profound changes in the society. There were real, unmet longings; there were real, unmet demands. Still today, there are real, unmet aspirations. The Democratic party deserves credit for opening itself to receive them, however much trash came with them and remains to be disposed of.

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One dreads to think where these new ideas would have gone if the Democratic party had not been open to them, and if they had not been brought into at least the beginning of some relationship with older ideas. There is a long way to go, but the process has begun. It may be compared in some ways with the absorption of the immigrants. Why should we think that an internal immigration—as many of the movements of the past two decades can be seen—will be any less difficult than external immigration? The Democratic party in this century has been one of the political arrangements on which the national security has depended. Not only the party, but specifically its liberals. It is they who have understood that strong government at home is the precondition and support of a strong presence in the world. Both Podhoretz and Moynihan know this, but they then seem to run away from it. Even on the basis of the two parties, the two platforms, and the two candidates who are before the country, and I admit that this is not saying much, the Democratic party alone knows that in modern times an active policy in the world is sustained by active government at home. Bismarck knew that.

The "open admissions" policy of the McGovernite reforms of the Democratic party did harm, but they also did much good. If there is going to be a nation to call on in the present danger which reflects the contemporary society as it has become, that new nation is again being forged in the Democratic party. The task is to attend better to the political arrangements by which that nation is represented. That can be done. Dean Acheson was an avowed Democrat. He even wrote a book called *A Democrat Looks at His Party*, which one can imagine no former secretary of state doing now. He drew on a party that believed in strong government. This political instrument is still there and, whatever its disorder, it is more promising than the opposing party, which like its candidate is an unguided missile from a nation past, and regards the nation as it is now as an alien land.

Nations exist in their political arrangements, in their sense and use of their institutions. The debate about the decline of America needs to be brought back to these things. I will give one example. Everyone who seriously looks at the matter knows that there is something wrong with the way the United States now determines its foreign policy under any president of any party. The discussion of this weakness tends to fix on the relationship between the National Security Council, as the arm of the presidency, and the State Department, as an independent arm of the executive.

No doubt this is a deep flaw. But this untidy relationship is not really where the trouble lies. What matters most of all is the steady destruction of the Department of State since the 1940s. Dean Acheson had the support of one hell of a department. It was a nine weeks' wonder when the NATO alliance and the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan were fitted together. Acheson was entitled to call his memoirs *Present at the Creation*, and the story is still amazing to read. It is hard to think of a more brilliantly creative period in the history of any nation. Yet where did that creativity come from? Once given the presidential directive, who in those weeks made the creation happen? The Department of State.

So Joe McCarthy, by his search for Communists, helped to destroy the best instrument of resistance to Russia: a superb foreign service. And then what happened? Eisenhower appointed a commission under Dr. Henry Wriston. The commission was to make recommendations for the reorganization and reform of the Department of State. It recommended that the department should be democratized. The president agreed. The secretary of state agreed. Congress agreed. As a result, in 1954 about 2,400 State employees of various kinds were made Foreign Service officers. Stewart Alsop is magnificent in *The Center* describing this terrible occurrence. Those 2,400 had rarely served abroad, they had little or no experience in diplomacy, but they were made FSOs, as if by the wave of a wand. The size of the Foreign Service was tripled almost overnight from about 1,200 in 1945 to 3,600. This democratization had a "shattering effect" on morale. State has not recovered.

Here is a political source of the decline of America. Even under their present disadvantages, American ambassadors in Kabul have been warning their governments for as long as 20 years, "This will happen unless. . . ." They were ignored because presidents, who are properly concerned with domestic politics, now have a private State Department to reinforce them politically. A national consensus may have to come through presidents, but the national policy must come through a department. If the present danger is to be met, it must be an urgent concern to restore the political parity which has the more acute sense of how to give national policy its roots in the machinery of government. I do not believe this can be done by a party that feels an antipathy to the bureaucracy. I do not believe it can be done by a party that packs its bags and leaves Washington when it is out of power. I believe it is done by a party that built the New Deal into the government of the country, not by an enabling act of majestic sweep, but by finding desks for bitty programs which then grew over the years like a coral reef. So should America's strength grow if it is to be lastingly trustworthy.

There are other such attentions to be given. Something must be done to restore the prestige and thus the readiness of the armed forces. Again this will not be done by appeals to a national will or even to patriotism. It will be done by a party that knows how to work its way into the bureaucracy of the armed services as into any other bureaucracy. Beside all this a national will can be left to the rhetoricians. That is not how the decline of America will be reversed. Attend to government. Then patriotism can look after itself.

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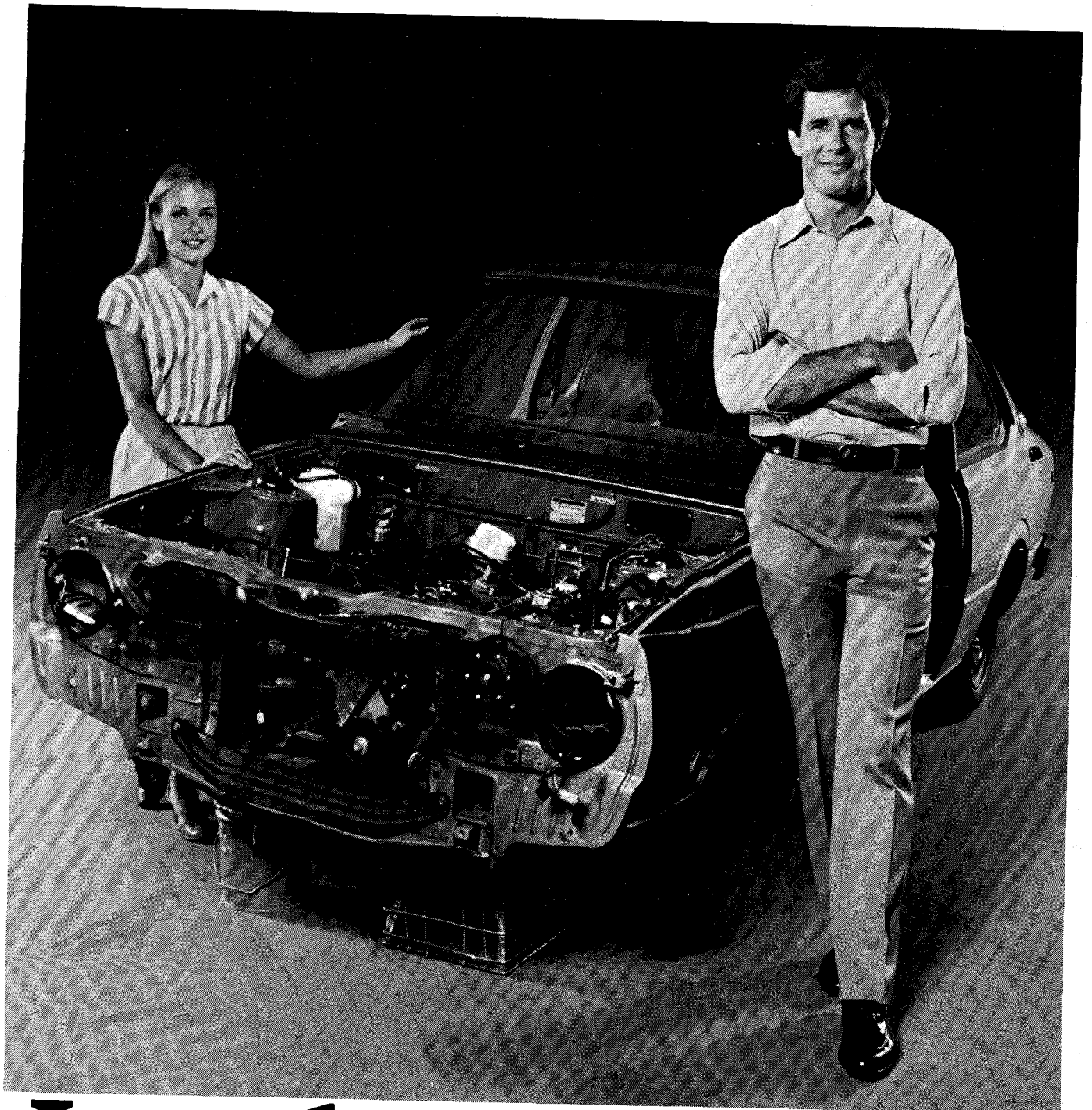

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Others solve the energy crisis by hiring a "torch" to roast their gas-guzzler and then put in for a total loss.

These are only two ways owners pocket millions annually in illicit payments and drive up auto rates for everybody.[1]

Is anyone out there tempted to join them? Ætna Life & Casualty offers a few words of warning.

We're participating with other insurers in the National Automobile Theft Bureau, whose central computer doggedly sniffs out Fraudmobile traffic.

Over the past two years, we've devoted ourselves to seminars which help John Law pinpoint Fraudmobile owners.[2]

And along with using "fraud profiles,"[3] we're offering cash rewards to our 37,000 employees for information leading to the recovery of stolen vehicles.

More can be done. It should be. *It will be!*[4] Because neither you nor Ætna wants to see a day when insuring your car might cost more than paying for it.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] Another popular technique is the "paper" car—a phantom automobile registered and insured solely to be reported stolen, then collected on. Thanks to such methods, auto theft *in general* is accelerating at over 10% a year, and cost Americans $2 billion plus in 1979.

[2] Ætna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminar.

[3] A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the insurance policy's effective date? Or was it *not* reported to the police—a basic policy violation? Was the car recovered burned, and hence of no value except to support a claim? Can the claimant produce no ownership title at all? The more suspicious answers, the higher the red flag gets hoisted.

[4] Ætna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every legitimate vehicle its own "birth" and "death" certificates.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Late Summer Round-up

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. A "special edition"—Steven Spielberg, the writer and director, has re-edited some bits of the original, put in some footage that was omitted first time, and shot some new footage. The total is 132 minutes, the original was 135.

It's a mistake. The second encounter isn't as good as the first. One special power of *Close Encounters*, I thought (*TNR*, December 10, 1977), was that it exemplified a Dionysian attribute of film: the exaltation available through film's technology and, therefore, repeatable—at will, more or less. Spielberg has interfered with its "immutability," which was probably a mistake in any event and is doubly so because he hasn't improved the picture.

Here are some impressions, which is all they can be without minute comparison, of the changes. A government hearing, at which Roberts Blossom and others testified, has been deleted. Richard Dreyfuss's family troubles have been expanded: now there's a scene in which he sits forlornly in a shower with his clothes on, and there's more of a fight about taking his children to *Pinocchio*. A sequence has been added in which US helicopters and ground forces find a ship—yes, a ship—in the middle of the Gobi desert. The ship has a Mexican name, and the sequence is meant to extend the atmosphere of the still-wonderful opening sequence, in the Sonora desert of Mexico, where Americans recover intact some 30-year-old US Navy planes: the sense of immense, invisible forces. The worst alteration is that we now follow Dreyfuss into the strangers' spaceship at the end and get a look at its immense interior. Nothing that Spielberg could show us could match what he had made us imagine. Seeing is believing less.

As I recall, the sound track, too, has been altered, to reduce its mystery and make it more like movie mood-music. And was "When You Wish Upon a Star" in the original? I hope not. Was it included here at the end as a reference to the earlier *Pinocchio* squabble? Anyway, it's badly diminishing.

I don't get the idea behind these alterations, unless it's to make the film more of a one-on-one affair between one family's upset and international complications. Nothing is gained, something is lost—except for the good Gobi sequence. This "special edition" ought to be withdrawn. The third encounter should be, more or less, the first.

My Bodyguard. Another curate's-egg picture. (See *TNR*, August 2 & 9, 1980.) A mid-adolescent, Chris Makepeace, transfers to a new high school in Chicago and is terrorized by student thugs. Eventually he wins the friendship of a hulking student, Adam Baldwin, misunderstood and ostracized by the others. The hulk not only helps Makepeace but helps him to help himself.

The terror of brutalization by fellow students—a very real terror, not the slightest bit funny or trivial even in retrospect—is well caught in the script by Alan Ormsby, the direction by Tony Bill, and the performances. But there's a cute side to the film. Makepeace lives in a big, plush hotel which his father manages, and the lives of both are complicated by the antics of the father's mother, Ruth Gordon, a grandma hot for men.

I confess an extreme prejudice here. I know that Gordon has had a long career, mostly in the theater, and has had many admirers. Not me. Quite the reverse. Always. Her canted body and canted voice, her upper-class toughness have always kept me far away. Age has not helped her, especially—as here—prurient age.

Quite apart from burdening the film with Gordon, Ormsby and Bill made the mistake of thinking the film needed a tricksy base or counterpoint. If the whole picture had the immediacy and concern of the school sections, it would have been modestly good.

The Hunter. Is Steve McQueen revenging himself on the film industry? It's well known that a few years ago he made a film of Ibsen's *Enemy of the People* which the producers think is unreleasable. His next venture was *Tom Horn*, a clunky Western about a professional gunslinger in 1903 who is one of a dying breed. Lots of shooting, etc. It was just tolerable enough to sit through so that, by the end, you knew it was intolerable. Now McQueen comes along with another gunslinger of a dying breed, a bounty hunter in the modern west who goes after people who have jumped bail. More shootings and chasings, only this time in cars. Two chases—a sports car and a huge harvester in a grain field, two cars in a spiral-ramped garage—are among the dumbest sequences of the year. And in the year that saw *The Blues Brothers*, that's a distinction.

"All right," McQueen is apparently saying to the film world, "if you won't let me be serious, I'll give you what you want." For heaven's sake, producers, release the Ibsen, whatever its quality,

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! Gags. Funny. (Mostly.) Spoof of an airplane-disaster picture, but more than. Also mocks taboos, and freedom from.

Fame. When the performers are performing, it's dynamite. Luckily, that's around half the time. The rest—their lives at the High School of Performing Arts in NYC—is dud.

The Great Santini. The title doesn't tell you it's about a Marine pilot's troubles with his family. The cast is fine, though Robert Duvall is too street-tough; the script is patchwork. A total of about an hour of father-son tussle-love is good.

Rough Cut. Diamond thieves. A rhinestone comedy, but Burt Reynolds and David Niven do a lot to keep it sparkling.

SK

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so that McQueen can go back to giving us what we *really* want from him—good action pictures.

Those Lips, Those Eyes. A Cleveland college boy, during the summer of 1951, gets a job at a local open-air musical theater; skimps the summer course he's taking because of infatuation with the theater and with a dancer; and either gives up or does not give up (depending on when you blink) his intention to become a playwright. He also learns about women from the dancer and about life from the leading actor who befriends him.

It's not an impossible latter-day Andy Hardy idea, but poor casting hurts it from the start—Thomas Hulce as the youth is simply not engaging—and the script by David Shaber isn't clear about why it exists. The only interest comes from Frank Langella, who does well as the leading actor of the company, a cocky man full of partially concealed panic. I've often seen and liked Langella on stage; on screen he has a physical disadvantage: his lollipop head and baby features are emphasized. Orson Welles, when young, had a similar problem with his baby face. Langella needs parts with whiskers, built-up nose—something—to strengthen his appearance and bring it up to the level of his voice and talent.

Caddyshack. Another spinoff from TV, mostly from *Saturday Night Live.* Lowjinks around a stuffy golf club. If you like Chevy Chase (I do) or Bill Murray or Rodney Dangerfield or Ted Knight (I don't), avoid.

The last word to Ned Tannen, president of Universal Studios. At the moment of writing there's a strike by the Screen Actors Guild and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists against many film studios, TV networks, and independent producers. As you may imagine, this is costing several pretty pennies: more than 20 films and 40 TV series have stopped production. Tannen was asked by the *New York Times* (July 31, 1980) if he saw any advantages to the strike. Tannen "said wryly that it might give the studios time 'to improve some of the scripts.' "

O rare Ned Tannen. A strike is a high-priced way to buy rewrite time, but, on the evidence of recent months, I hope the studios get at least that much good out of the trouble.

Beauty is in the eye of the publisher.

The Vanity Industry

by Margo Howard

As even men know, ours is a time of Attractive and Desirable. Be thin . . . be beautiful . . . someone will love you. This is what jogging is all about, of course. Living in California I can vouch for its popularity. There's a lot of running around out here. Everyone wants to look wonderful. Arlene Dahl tells us that whenever she buys an avocado, she eats half and puts the rest on her face. Good restaurants serve any lunch or dinner included in the Scarsdale Diet. Women I know put oatmeal and honey on their foreheads and 10 grapefruits a day into their mouths.

Margo Howard is a Los Angeles writer. She has been known to wear a dollop of make-up now and then, although it is her husband (an actor) who has his own make-up man.

What I wasn't aware of, until I started looking recently, was how many How To books are being published dedicated to the science of looking good. They are written by everyone from doctors and nurses to cosmetologists and Marie Osmond. I have no idea, nor did the beauty books tell me, how we came to believe that Pretty was the answer. Perhaps the seed was sown, and harvested, by a kind of Trilateral Commission of cosmetics makers and sports outfitters. The fact remains that while the world is falling apart, we are pulling ourselves together "appearance-wise." Jobs are said to hinge on looking good. And young. Ditto everlasting love and self-confidence. Do not imagine that children will believe any differently. A 12-year-old, on whose birth certificate my name appears, recently requested $40 worth of Clinique products. She said she needed such things as clarifier and toner.

So there it is: even kids now know that it is imperative to put your best foot forward. And your best nose. Like jogging, plastic surgery has become a routine part of the beauty culture, extensively discussed both in life and in the beauty books. A bit of a jolt it is, too, to realize that very little of the human body cannot be reduced, augmented, or rerouted. I do not approve of the scalpel to lift what is sagging and straighten what weaves as a response to a dateless Saturday night, but I am sympathetic to rhinoplasty for the man or woman with a nose roughly the shape, and almost the size, of Florida.

In other words, I am a beauty middle-of-the-roader. I even find the idea of make-up rather interesting. The authors of these books, however, believe in it a lot. No surprise there, come to think of it. I learned a while back that people in the beauty field accord themselves high places in the ranks of endeavor. A man in New Orleans let me know this. He owned a chain of beauty salons and complained bitterly that employee problems were driving him nuts. "If I had it to do over again," he sighed, "I don't know if I would choose the arts."

Some of the beauty books, because of their goals, were of little interest to me right out of the gate. One such book was *How To Look Ten Years Younger*, by Adrien Arpel and Ronnie Sue Ebenstein. I have no desire to look 10 years younger because it would only make trouble for me and misrepresent my whole life. If I looked 10 years younger and my soon-to-be 18-year-old daughter mentioned her age, the conversation surely would turn to why I was having a child at the age of 12.

The Mesdames Arpel and Ebenstein certainly are current, though, and not without humor. In a section discussing diets, one set of recipes is entitled "The Instant Pre-Lunch-With-Your-Ex-Husband's-New-Wife 24 Hour Emergency Diet!" Given my own predispositions (which are, alas, what you're given) I would scotch such a lunch in the first place, thereby eliminating the need to eat cooked brown rice and drink prune juice. And assuming I did believe in that friendly divorce stuff, I probably would just show up with my extra poundage canopied in a tarpaulin. There are people for whom one wants to look one's best, but an ex-husband's new wife shouldn't be one of them.

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The literary style of *How To Look Ten Years Younger* is one of cute energy. In a chapter called "Round-the-World 10-Years-Off Roundup," the headings alone can make you blink from the upper case and the hyphens. "From the Balkans: the plasma pack facial and Dracula energizing drink. . . . Shock therapy: the Swedish freeze. . . . From ancient Egypt: the Nefertiti face-and-breast lift (featuring the moisturizing mummified gauze wrap)." The language is the written equivalent of those cartoons where you hunt for the out-of-place figures—you know, where the three upside-down bears are hidden in a drawing of St. Mark's Basilica. One example of such accidental hilarity is the section called "Caring for the pregnant face." I think, in their enthusiasm, the ladies just said things badly.

A book of narrower scope is *How to Get Rid of Wrinkles in 5 to 10 Minutes a Day*, by Clara E. Patterson, R.N. Because I am a busy girl, I liked the idea that anything can get done in 5 to 10 minutes. Basically this is a book about making faces. There are simple drawings and not a lot of words. If you choose to give these exercises a go, I suggest you go off by yourself. Each muscle maneuver is highly reminiscent of a tic and could easily be confused with a neurologic problem.

A small PS: we are informed that this book was originally published as "Facial Isometrics." I like Nurse Patterson's pluck. Isometrics having moved off center stage, she has hitched her wagon to wrinkles, which are definitely in. I look forward to seeing this same book next year, reissued as *Moving Your Face With Cable TV News*.

Another small subject, but a bigger book, is offered by a manicurist named Moi. (She is Chinese-American, not French.) It is *Beautiful Nails*. I liked the look of this book because the writing is big, like those dictionaries for kids. Moi tells us how to remove polish, clip the nails, then put the polish back on again. And she ought to know, because half her life has been spent working with nails.

Moi also includes recipes (all modern beauty books seem to), but hers you don't eat—you put your hands in the pot. Nevertheless, she's working with good stuff: eggs, buttermilk, and oatmeal, honey, lecithin, coconut oil, and blackberry leaf tea. Actually, I would rather eat Moi's "toning and softening hand mask" than Ms. Arpel's brown rice and prune juice.

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

How to Look Ten Years Younger by Adrien Arpel and Ronnie Sue Ebenstein
(Rawson, Wade; $14.95)

Blonde Beautiful Blonde by Lois Wyse
(Evans; $14.95)

The Woman's Dress for Success Book by John T. Molloy
(Warner Books; $4.95)

The Woman's Day Book of Beauty, Health and Fitness Hints
by Sharon Gold
(Morrow; $5.95)

Marie Osmond's Guide to Beauty, Health & Style
by Marie Osmond with Julie Davis
(Fireside; $5.95)

How to Get Rid of Wrinkles in 5 to 10 Minutes a Day
by Clara E. Patterson, R.N.
(Morrow; $2.95)

Beautiful Nails by Moi
(Lippincott & Crowell; $9.95)

Dressing Thin by Dale Goday with Molly Cochran
(Fireside; $3.95)

Disco Dressing by Leonard McGill
(Prentice Hall; $12.95)

The Skin Book by Arnold W. Klein, M.D., James H. Sternberg, M.D. and Paul Bernstein
(Macmillan; $9.95)

photo: The Granger Collection

All kinds of subjects are covered in *Marie Osmond's Guide to Beauty, Health and Style*, written with Julie Davis. There are lots of pictures of Marie, none of Julie. From her own experiences, the perky performer shares insights about growing up, fixing your hair, and putting on cologne. There are diets here, too, but mercifully none dedicated to luncheons with ex-husbands and their new wives. I was touched that Marie and Julie dedicated this book to their mothers, "who taught us that true beauty starts from within." Then they launch into 222 pages about how to get it outside, where it counts.

A somewhat similar book is *The Woman's Day Book of Beauty, Health and Fitness Hints*, by Sharon Gold. This book is all short takes, so that no one hint goes on for more than 10 lines, tops. Sample: "Dab a little blusher on your earlobe—it's an alluring evening trick, especially if you're wearing tiny earrings or none at all." What do you think is the purpose of that trick? Damned if I know.

I haven't the heart to criticize the writing style of a woman whose various bits of wisdom take no more than an average of three lines. Instead I would like to award Gold the prize for Advice of Obscure Origin for one "Hint" I can't even begin to explain. Here it is, in its entirety: "Luxuriate in a strawberry soak. Blend 1 pound of fresh strawberries and 1 ounce of white vinegar. Let the mixture stand 10 days. Strain through cheesecloth into a jar. Cover and refrigerate. Dribble a bit into your running bathwater." I think this is a secret recipe for liquor. Either Ms. Gold knows of some mysterious chemical transformation, or she enjoys "luxuriating" in stinky 10-day-old strawberries.

In case you're standing in your closet without the faintest idea of what to do next, I found three books entirely devoted to dressing. The most specialized was *Disco Dressing*, by Leonard McGill. If I had to summarize this book, I would say that Mr. McGill's advice is

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basically this: just dress crazy and go. He uses many photographs and seems to be an authority on spandex, stretch tights, and aluminum lamé. From what I gather, proper footwear for disco and rock clubs is saddle shoes, stiletto heels, and tennis shoes—preferably black. Dog jewelry, too, is *de rigueur* for disco people. That is metal-studded leather which you then wear as wrist cuffs, belts, and collars.

McGill recommends some outfits you might not have thought of: lace underwear from the 1950s, bedjackets, too-large men's white dinner jackets over jeans. The aforementioned suggestions are all intended for women, except in establishments with a particular kind of clientele.

The Women's Dress for Success Book, by John T. Molloy, sure isn't into black sneakers and dog jewelry. That is because the author is a "wardrobe engineer." He calls what he does a science, seeing as how he has the results of computer studies about which clothes go over and which do not. (No plunging necklines, please, if you're selling Xerox paper.) Molloy has run scientific tests, so there is no guesswork involved when he tells you, "A good skirted suit says you are an upper middle class executive type, while an obviously cheap polyester pantsuit says you're not."

There is quite a discussion about the color of one's raincoat. Black is less good than beige, for example, except in certain parts of the country. Talk about boring—unless, of course, you are one of those women who cannot hold a job because you keep showing up in the wrong color raincoat.

There are no recipes in this book, but there are tests. One is a quiz to determine if you need to join Overdressers Anonymous. Two of the questions: "Your glasses have rhinestones or other decorations." "You hardly ever wear low-healed shoes."

Dressing Thin, by Dale Goday, struck me as obvious if not simpleminded. The gist of the whole thing can be summed up in this directive: "Vertical stripes are more slendering than horizontal." The book just made me laugh—which, I'll grant you, is sometimes more useful than getting dressed. Here are my two favorite dogmas from "Dressing Thin." "If there are red lines along your waist, bosom and tops of your thighs when you take off your clothes—your underwear is too small." Did you ever? And, "If you bend down and your back appears, your top is too short." And if

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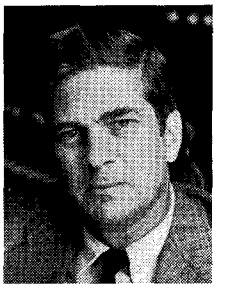

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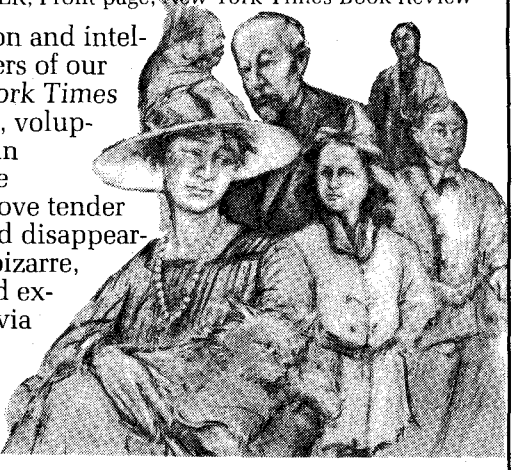

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your parents are dead, you're an orphan.

It would be a grave error to follow one bit of Goday's advice. It is this: "Stay away from furs . . . they'll make you look soft, cuddly and chubby." Please, what woman in her right mind would say no to a mink or chinchilla just because it would make her look chubby? So what if she looks like the Pillsbury doughboy? Who cares? Her ex-husband's new wife?

The book contains an abundance of do-and-don't fat-and-thin photographs. These may have been taken by the *Ripley's Believe It Or Not* photographer. They are just astounding. A scarf, a belt, a blouse are made to have curative powers beyond belief. This is surely the right book for people who want to eat anything they please and then make sure they wear vertical stripes.

One of the beauty books would make a perfect gift for a certain kind of friend: the woman with nothing to do and nothing to think about. The book is *Blonde Beautiful Blonde*, by Lois Wyse. It is all about . . . well, being blonde. The subtitle suggests it is also for the woman with no instincts: "How to Look, Live, Work and Think Blonde." Personally, I would rather read about the history of freckles. My guess is that this is a book Clairol wanted written. They—and their color numbers—are generously mentioned and charted.

Numerous blondes, from famous and not-so, give their philosophy of blonde life. Lois Lindauer, whom I probably should know, but don't, says that "When you start eating for healthy hair, the improvement should come in about six months. It takes at least six months of proper eating before you can see any real improvement in your hair. But if you pamper it and feed it, your blonde halo will indeed be your crowning glory." These remarks got me thinking. I got to thinking that they were really dumb, or just plain wrong. Like the pronunciamento of one Rose Reti. "For the second marriage, the woman is always blonde." I happen to know something about this, having been the second wife to three men, and I can tell you that Ms. Reti is wrong.

As for the author, she is at least clear about what's what. "The California blonde is never without her Rolex oyster watch . . . and just above the watch on the same wrist is her Cartier chain." And probably because blondes must eat, no doubt with the hand that's got the oyster watch and the Cartier chain, there are menus and recipes.

The problem/advice section was rather droll. If you want to get in on personal dilemmas that have to do with hair coloring, this is the book for you. For instance: "I have a boyfriend. He doesn't know I'm not a natural blonde. What shall I do?" "Not a whole helluva lot," would have been my answer, but the expert, Ms. Wyse, said this: "Clairol solemnly advises, 'Whatever you do, don't use hair color anywhere except on the hair of your head—definitely not on your eyebrows.'"

Some of the problems are more complex. "A caller one day said, 'You've got to help me fast. My ex-husband is on his way over here, and he doesn't know I've been getting my hair colored. I don't want him to know I can afford it. I want more alimony. How can I go back to my old color today?"

There is a section—appropriately brief—comprising what let's call Blonde Erudition. Speaking of the "blonde myth," Ms. Wyse relates that, "Angels, a classic representation of purity and goodness, are always blonde. Witches, on the other hand, are dark. All through mythology, we learn that good is light; evil, black." She is talking, of course, about Manicheanism, but she's probably too polite to say it.

The history part was good, too. "According to the Talmud, the first two women in the world were blondes. Not only was Eve a blonde, but also Lilith, whom the Talmud calls Adam's first wife." I had no idea that Adam had been married twice. And to two blondes, yet. Where do you think they got the Clairol?

It shouldn't be a total loss; there was one beauty book which was informative, worthwhile, and useful. *The Skin Book*, written by two dermatologists and a writer, did not trip over itself being

DOWNSTREAM

We give in to the persuasions of the river, floating
Swiftly downstream as well as the leaves beside us,
Ahead of us, with little choice
Which way it may be next
That we find ourselves
One boat-length further along, taking the rough with the smooth,
To the slackness of pools, down long, eddying riffles,
To the rush of spillways narrowing
And steepening suddenly
To white water
Where the river is leaving everything to chance and turning
Over and interrupting its own half-motions
Constantly in bursts and arches,
Mantling, spun into tendrils,
Its wild gestures
As memorable at a glance as marble but dying, reborn
Only another glance away, as the center
Of our attention, shifting at random
Everywhere like the sunlight,
Is caught by the play
Of light on all these surfaces, churnings and interweavings,
Upheavals, blossomings, an impulsive garden
Where we search and search as if for answers
And see its one reply:
Nothing is the same
Ever. This intricate bewilderment of currents,
In its least ripple, is unrepeatable.
The windbreak of alders we pass now,
The gravely leaning pale-boned
Row gone ashen,
Love, is another river, its bed channelled by seasons.
Our faces come near each other, mysterious
As water always. We cross a pool,
Translucent, the stones below us
Glimmering, remaining.

David Wagoner

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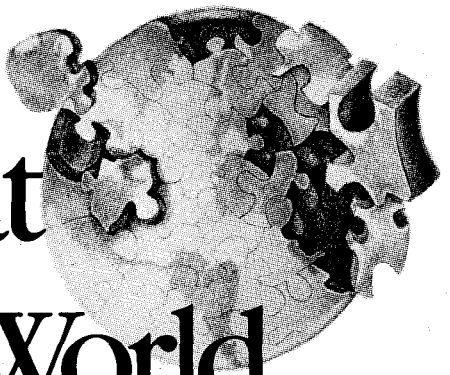

What in the World is Going On?

It's a good question. And these days world events are so puzzling that the question is hard to answer. Newsmagazines don't help much. Nor do the official opinions and pronouncements of the academic journals. They leave you unable to comprehend or cope with the Ayatollah Khomeini, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, or the world refugee crisis now touching Florida's shores.

That's why in 1980 you need a magazine that really tells you what is going on—that analyzes the news and predicts future events. You need a magazine that is daring enough, young enough, and yet respected enough to bring original thinking and new commentary into the arena of foreign affairs.

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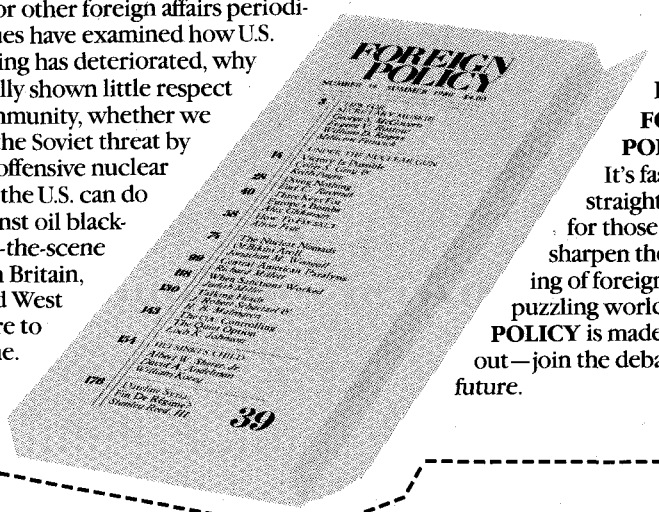

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adorable, and it had something to say.

Dr. Arnold Klein and Dr. James Sternberg, with Paul Bernstein, offer a contrast to the other books. While many of the beauty authors were pushing particular products, *The Skin Book* said this: "Organic. Hypoallergenic. Balanced pH. The cosmetics world is full of newfangled vocabulary. But we can sum it up in one word: hype. All cosmetics are basically alike." These are my kind of guys.

They explain why expensive moisturizing agents can dry out the skin; that dryness and itching may not be nature's invitation to Elizabeth Arden, but may be, rather, early warning signs of diabetes and cancer. Even though I knew some of what was in this book, reading it did not make me feel ho-hum, so-what, and moronic, in the bargain.

The authors discuss the fact that itches and rashes are often psychosomatic. They tell you that "soap is soap," and offer advice about treating bites and stings, not wrinkles, which you can't do anything about, anyway. Interesting about wrinkles. Perhaps the only thing you can do, short of a facelift, is to choose a mother and grandmother with good skin. "We can assure you," the doctors report, "that no facial exercise will cause your skin or face to become less wrinkled." So much for Nurse Patterson and her face-making wrinkle remover guide.

The Skin Book had a wonderful message, I thought. And that was: don't get caught up, with your time and money, in fads and routines. The real beauties hardly give any of that stuff a thought. There is a swell quotation from Bill Tuttle, head of make-up of MGM. "The hell with styles. If it looks good on you, stick with it." This surely has more worth than putting strawberries in your tub or oatmeal on your nails. I will say one thing, though, for the other beauty books. They will take your mind off the ayatollah. They will take your mind off a balled-up economy. They will even take your mind off your mind. And then you can go put a dab of blusher on your ear.

Music for Chameleons by Truman Capote

(Random House; $10.95)

> 'I have a very sassy voice. I like my nose but you can't see it because I wear these thick glasses. If you looked at my face from both sides, you'd see they were completely different. (Mr. Capote demonstrated.) It's sort of a changeling face.'
>
> I studied the photograph imbedded in the letterpress. 'A changeling,' I said, thinking out loud, 'is a child supposed to have been secretly substituted for another by elves. Does he mean he's not really Truman Capote?'
>
> *Who Stole My Golden Metaphor?*
> S. J. Perelman

Hard to tell. There are, after all, so many Capotes. There is Truman the faun, author of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, photographed reclining on a couch, cloven hooves just out of view, calculating his audience with shrewd eyes—"the start," he confesses, "of a certain notoriety that has kept close step with me these many years." There is Truman as Oscar Wilde *redivivus*, oscillating between the Gentleman Bitch and the Leaky Sentimentalist, moving through *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, past the ostentatious displays of sensitivity—*A Memory of Two Christmases*, *House of Flowers*; and the instance of ionospheric camp, *Beat the Devil*. There is Truman the Journalist, following the Porgy and Bess troupe in the Soviet Union, *The Muses Are Heard*, and reconstructing a now-famous Kansas murder for *In Cold Blood*.

Finally, there is Truman the Publicist, inventing a "new art form," touring the talk shows, cultivating a celebrity status. "A boy," he once observed, "must peddle his papers." To that end he must, if he wants to sell a lot of papers, assume a variety of still newer selves: The Detective as Murderer Manqué, reconstructing the Manson family slayings; playing the stricken deer wounded by alcohol and drugs; acting in the film *Murder By Death* ("I was adequate"). When all these pall there is always the American literary sport of counterpunching. In the introduction to *Music for Chameleons*, Capote's latest work, the author observes,

> Other writers . . . realized the value of my experiment and put it to their own use—none more swiftly than Norman Mailer, who has made a lot of money and won a lot of prizes writing nonfiction novels . . . although he has always been careful never to describe them as "nonfiction novels." No matter; he is a good writer and a fine fellow and I'm grateful to have been of some small service to him.

Mailer, who once described *In Cold Blood* as, "a failure of imagination," appears to be down for the mandatory 8 count.

All this is typical of Capote, a man who closely adheres to Valéry's dictum, "I sometimes think, therefore I sometimes am." When he thinks, he is like nobody else—lapidary craftsman, master of nuance and detail. When he babbles, he is a nobody. *Music for Chameleons* displays the thinking Truman—with the customary intrusion of commonness that has marred much of his work.

Everything is displayed in this crow's nest of a book: insights and snuff-movie outlines; recollections of the famous and the obscure; old jokes and fresh wit; vulgar bias and genuine empathy for the deprived. The title story is all the author claims for it. In Martinique, an old half-caste aristocrat displays a black mirror, once the property of Gauguin, watches the chameleons change color, and downs absinthe. The prose blackens, alters its tone, summons ghosts, and recalls Caribbean melodies and celebrations. Capote closes with the lady playing her piano as the chameleons gather on her terra-cotta floor, scarlet, green, lavender, like "a written arrangement of musical notes. A Mozartean mosaic." Just so.

But then there is "A Beautiful Child" in which Marilyn Monroe is recalled. As the star goes on, with a good deal of salty dialogue and some unsurprising pathos, Capote tries to coax a confession from her by offering one of his own: he once spent a night with Errol Flynn.

> *Marilyn*: And how would you rate it? On a scale of one to ten.
>
> *Capote*: Frankly, if it hadn't been Errol Flynn, I don't think I would have remembered it.
>
> *Marilyn*: That's not much of a story. Not worth mine—not by a long shot.

A surprisingly acute woman, Marilyn, with a compassion far outweigh-

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ing the author's callow valedictory: "I wanted to lift my voice louder than the seagulls' cries and call her back: Marilyn! Marilyn, why did everything have to turn out the way it did? Why does life have to be so fucking rotten?"

The High Capote returns in such pieces as "Dazzle," a Proustian recollection of the day he first wished aloud to be a girl, and when he sensed that for the rest of his life he would be haunted by the derision greeting his request. And I found a superabundance of moving tragicomedy in "A Day's Work," Capote's account of Mary Sanchez, Cleaning Lady, as she makes her Manhattan rounds, the domestic and her Boswell getting progressively and hilariously high on marijuana until, in classic Feydeau fashion, they are interrupted by the sudden return of the Sanchez employers, Mr. and Mrs. Berkowitz, "hovering in view like the Mickey and Minnie Mouse balloons in a Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade." Yet even here, Capote cannot resist low vaudeville Jew jokes—the Berkowitz parrot, named Polly, naturally, has learned to say "Oy Vey!" Mary Sanchez describes the bird's owners as "real stuffy Jewish people. And you know how stuffy *they* are!" Capote: "Jewish people? Gosh, yes. Very stuffy. They ought to be in the Museum of Natural History. All of them."

Of course, it may be that the reader is supposed to be as stoned reading this as Capote was when he said it. Otherwise one might almost mistake it for country-club bigotry masquerading as social satire.

Still, as he would be the first to proclaim, Capote's powers derive from his weaknesses: fussiness becomes exactitude; gossip, acute dialogue; snobbism, a form of confession; and the announcement of new art forms, a refurbishing of the old ones. There is, in fact, nothing new in Capote's new book, except Capote. Some of the episodes are manifestly derivative: in "Hello Stranger," lunch with a righteous commuter develops into the admission of a Lolita complex, a portrait straight out of Cheever. "A Lamp In A Window" tells of a literate, charming widow who saves one *frisson* for the end: she stacks the bodies of her dead cats in the freezer. An old Hemingway trick, employed in "An Alpine Idyll." Remember the peasant who keeps a lantern hung in the mouth of his dead and frozen wife? So, I would wager, does Capote. Other stories in the collection copy the technique of

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New Yorker "casuals," *Paris Review* interviews, and, finally, in exhumations of old crimes, *In Cold Blood*.

It hardly matters. The self-inflation introducing *Music for Chameleons* will soon fade. Dust-jacket prose always does. The stories and vignettes will endure, not because they enlighten and certainly not because they bear any moral qualities. They will last because, however variable their quality, they entertain. They beguile the reader the way Maugham's work did on occasion, and Beerbohm's did all the time. Indeed, it is not Oscar Wilde whom Capote now evokes, but the Comparable Max, caricaturing the famous, writing with a deceptively casual, limpid prose style. "My gifts are small," Max noted. "I've used them very well and discreetly . . . and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation."

And yet . . . and yet. There is still another figure Capote strains to emulate. There it is hovering around the portrait for *Music for Chameleons*: the eyes, no longer hidden by spectacles, stare out pitilessly like Isak Dinesen's. The hands are like claws. The mouth no longer smiles. At the figure's back are 14 hyponotic tales. He hints, and we believe him, that there is more, far more to tell. Truman Capote's pose and Bert Stern's photograph make it all too clear who decorates this book: Sheherazade in drag.

Stefan Kanfer

Stefan Kanfer is a senior editor at *Time* and author, most recently, of *The Eighth Sin* (Random House).

Inequality in an Age of Decline by Paul Blumberg

(Oxford University Press; $15.95)

Populism has always been the favored American expression of radical discontent. Distaste for bureaucracy, suspicion of big money and big banks, the romance of the independent artisan or farmer—these flow naturally from an American character formed in the crucible of a frontier society. Socialism, by contrast, has been an import, sustained only during periods of strong immigration of European workers, and quickly abandoned by their "Americanized" progeny.

For many years people have been puzzled by what is called "American exceptionalism." The United States, the most advanced of the advanced capitalist nations, is the only one that does not have a strong socialist heritage. Werner Sombart, the great German historian, attributed our exceptionalism to the great cultural heterogeneity of the American working class and the vastness of the early frontier. The American political scientist Louis Hartz sought an explanation in our lack of a feudal aristocratic heritage against which a young capitalist order was obliged to wage battle. But to my mind the most intriguing account of the failure of socialism to catch on here is that of Lewis Corey, who suggested many years ago that European socialism was born in the workers' struggle for suffrage; it was the cry for democracy that united the oppressed against the captains of industry and lent the distinctive character to their social vision. In the United States, by contrast, the vote by and large had been extended to white males before the dramatic surge of industrialism in the pre-Civil War period. Complete class polarization was avoided thereby and has since failed to materialize.

In Europe the democratic impulse has followed a different course. The continued efforts of the Soviet-led Third International to extirpate the democratic elements embedded in European socialism have failed, as the contemporary prestige of social democratic and Eurocommunist parties attests. Nowhere in European capitalism have citizens and workers tolerated the totalitarian ambitions of Soviet-style parties. In the United States, however, the democratic socialist tradition has been particularly weak and socialism in the American mind has been identified with the abrogation of liberal democratic institutions.

The current state of political chaos in America, the resurgence of movements for social equality, and the persistent state of economic crisis of course raise the possibility of a socialist revival in the 1980s and beyond. The key to such a revival, however, is the question of democracy. American socialism must not simply be compatible with democracy; it must represent a new standard for the progressive development and deepening of democratic norms. Otherwise we might as well consign it to the airports with the Moonies and the Hare Krishnas.

No one realizes this more clearly than Paul Blumberg. In his important and still useful *Industrial Democracy: The Sociology of Participation* (1969), Blumberg was among the first American authors to stress the necessity and feasibility of democratizing the social relations of factory and office. The all but explicit message of this well-researched volume was that socialism must be not the collectivization of productive property, but its replacement by democratic structures of participation in economic life. In his new book, *Inequality in an Age of Decline*, he concludes:

> While socialism is still an alien ideology for most Americans, democracy and pluralism are central to the American tradition. If the movement for the democratization of corporate governance gains strengths . . . it will grow not directly out of socialist ideology but will be a logical extension of the American democratic tradition.

Curiously, and something of a failing in this useful and perceptive interpretation of social life in America today, Blumberg goes only part way toward demonstrating either the need for a socialist alternative, or why it must be an extension of the American democratic tradition. His major arguments may be summarized succinctly. America remains a class society in which the vast majority of citizens are beholden as wage earners to a small group of owners of wealth and controllers of industry. While capital and labor may have many points of common concern, their interests diverge dramatically around the issues of social equality and quality of life on the one hand, and profit and power on the other. Only the stupendous affluence and vigorous growth of the American economy in the two decades following the last World War, a period in which class antagonisms could easily be accommodated by the sharing of the fruits of progress, could have hidden this fact from view. The current

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condition of scarcity, both absolute and relative deprivation, ineluctibly will call forth once more the political and social forces of class divergence.

The American social sciences, economics and sociology in particular, matured precisely upon the absence of class concepts. Not surprisingly, they are predicated precisely upon the absence of class concepts. One of Blumberg's contributions is to chronicle the consolidation of the functional sociology of David Riesman, Davis and Moore, William H. Whyte, and Robert Nisbet, and the "end of ideology" interpretation of Daniel Bell and Peter Drucker, while presenting serious and cogent critiques of their views. Certainly Blumberg is not the first to undertake this task—Alvin Gouldner's massive *The Coming Crisis of Western Sociology* and the various works of the great C. Wright Mills come to mind—but *Inequality in an Age of Decline* is both more current and more accessible to the lay reader.

Blumberg's argument as to the persistence of class rests in the last instance on two basic points. First, the much-heralded growth of the "New Middle Class" of white-collar occupations, assumed by the "class convergence" theorists to lend a broad buffer between propertied elites on the one hand and the traditional working class and the poor on the other, has failed to materialize. Rather, as Blumberg already has argued in the pages of *The New Republic*, the past decade has witnessed a strong tendency toward the equalization of blue- and white-collar earnings and security of employment. In his new book Blumberg presents an impressive array of statistics demonstrating what may be called the "proletarianization" of white-collar labor—or better yet of white-blouse labor, for as Blumberg notes, the majority of these jobs are low-wage positions offered predominantly to women.

Blumberg's second point, again accompanied by extensive statistical documentation, is that the past decade has witnessed an exacerbation of social inequality, a deterioration in the economic position of the poor and minorities, and a reduction of real wages. For instance, he shows that the spendable weekly earnings of private-sector non-supervisory workers have declined by about 10 percent since 1970, and in 1979 had reverted to their level in 1964. Thus, in contrast to the class convergence theory of contemporary capitalism, Blumberg proposes that "there has been an actual widening of the gap between strata, producing . . . *class divergence*."

There is a not inconsiderable gap, however, between our accepting the persistence—even intensification—of wide class divergences in America and our postulating the emergence of a socialist alternative grounded in the heritage of our democratic culture. A persuasive addition to Blumberg's argument might be phrased as follows. The democratic tradition holds that authority in public life is legitimate only if it represents the will of the governed. Yet workers spend the better part of their adult years in factories and offices which violate every norm of representative governance. A democratic system of workers' control could transfer to the workplace those elementary rights and privileges which a democratic society extends to its citizens in the political sphere. Since the growth of white-collar occupations merely generalizes to all citizens those undemocratic conditions of servitude previously suffered only by the classical industrial work force, virtually the entire nation has an interest in the democratization of work. Yet vesting rights in persons in the economy is the obverse of withdrawing the right of property to control decision

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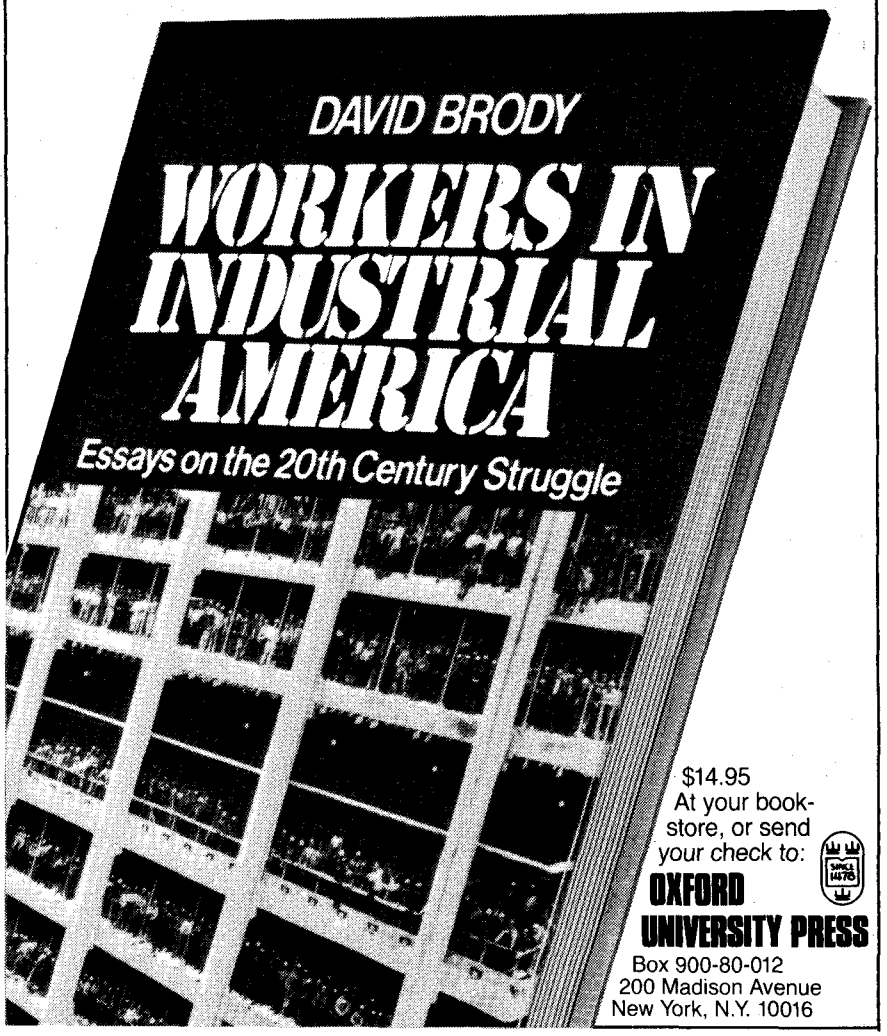

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making. A perfectly reasonable form of American socialism could proceed not by collectivizing property rights, but rather by dismantling them in favor of rights of individual participation in economic decision making.

However attractive this vision, it fails in large measure to confront the current conditions of weakness of the American economy—the very conditions making a socialist alternative conceivable in the United States. Blumberg is probably on the mark in noting that a precipitous fall in industrial productivity is a central component in the economic crisis plaguing us in the past decade, and that the democratization of work is a means toward enhancing worker productivity. (This fact will come as a surprise to those who continue to accept the myth that the despotism of the modern corporation itself is necessitated by the norms of efficient production, but there is an impressive array of evidence in its favor.) But as Lester Thurow has argued in his recent *The Zero-Sum Society*, lagging productivity growth in the United States flows not from worker alienation, but from a failure of domestic investment and technical innovation. Blumberg, to his credit, acknowledges the importance of anemic technical change in the current economy, but he links this to Seymour Melman's singularly unconvincing argument that American research and development activities are monopolized by a swollen military establishment whose innovation is peripheral to economic life.

An excessive military establishment is an argument for its reduction, not for socialism. Similarly, even were Blumberg correct in suggesting that a widening in social inequality has occurred, it hardly would follow that a socialist alternative was either likely or desirable. The traditional mechanisms of the welfare state, as the European experience indicates, are quite capable of stabilizing social inequality within the framework of capitalism.

I believe Blumberg's singleminded insistence on demonstrating the economic weakness of working people and the poor prevents him from disclosing a central dynamic in the break-up of the business-labor accord which dominated economic life in the post-World War II period. In fact, industrial peace was secured precisely by acceding to popular forces a greatly enhanced influence upon economic life. Since 1947 the share of wages and salaries in net domestic income has not declined, but has fluctuated evenly about the 69 percent mark. Meanwhile social welfare expenditures have risen dramatically from seven percent to 19 percent of Net Domestic Product. (These figures are the result of research in progress by Samuel Bowles and me.) A good deal of this vast increase in the share of economic output devoted to the living standard of workers has come at the expense of small business, which declined at an impressive pace over the period; it also has bitten deeply into capital's net share of funds available for investment at home and abroad.

The prospect for a socialist alternative in America lies in the fact that neither business nor the nation can afford this price for industrial peace. The strategy of business groups and the "new conservatism" is to decry popular gains, call for a roll-back of social welfare expenditures (including environmental and occupational safety and health), and restore the old dominance of the propertied. If, as Thurow and many others have suggested, a retooling of American industry is indeed necessary (I believe they are right), this will require consumption cutbacks on the part of the average American. But if we are not to move back to a Robber Baron past, the only alternative is the full democratization of the process of investment decision making, rendering the pattern of costs and benefits a subject of public debate and popular will. This is the missing element in Blumberg's insightful appreciation of the possibilities of democratic socialism in America.

Blumberg is right. There is no future for a socialist alternative in America without its being a full expression of our democratic heritage. The thrust for democratic work and for social equality will likely be a vital element in such an expression. But so also must be the large issues of the democratic control of the sources of growth and prosperity.

Herbert Gintis

Herbert Gintis is professor of economics at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

Melanie Klein by Hanna Segal

(Viking Press; $12.95)

Melanie Klein was a highly controversial figure. Although she was a pupil and follower of Freud, her contributions to psychoanalytic theory became the focus of such passionate dispute that the British Psycho-Analytical Society became, and has remained, divided into separate groups with different programs of training. Hanna Segal, who was one of Melanie Klein's pupils and closest associates, has written an excellent short biography which combines a clear exposition of Kleinian theory with a portrait of the originator herself.

Melanie Klein was born in Vienna in 1882, the fourth child of a highly intellectual Jewish doctor. She originally intended to study medicine and all her life regretted that her early engagement and unfortunate marriage prevented her from attaining the status that a medical qualification would have brought her. In 1910 she moved with her husband to Budapest, read Freud on dreams, became an analysand of Ferenczi, and started to treat children analytically. She first met Freud in 1917. In 1921 she moved to Berlin, where she had a further brief period of personal analysis with Karl Abraham. She was divorced in 1922. In 1926 Melanie Klein moved to England where she remained, practiced, and taught until her death in 1960.

Klein's contributions to psychoanalytic theory originally were derived from her analytic work with very small children, some of her patients being under three years old. Since small children are not adept at putting their fantasies into words, Klein provided them with tiny toys and made psychoanalytic interpretations of their play. The picture of the early emotional development of the child which Klein constructed as a result of her investigations diverged from that of Freud, and led to bitter controversy with Anna Freud,

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whose theories of child development and whose technique of child analysis took a different and more "common-sense" direction. It is not surprising that Klein's theories encountered obloquy. Freud had shattered the Victorian concept of childhood innocence by his insistence upon infantile sexuality. Klein went much further in attributing violent, sadistic impulses to the newborn baby. In Freud's early years his chief emphasis had been upon conflicts surrounding the various phases of infantile sexuality, and upon the Oedipus complex as the unresolved core of adult neurotic problems. Klein came to postulate that the Oedipus complex, which Freud conceived as reaching its acme around the age of five, was in evidence from the earliest months, and caused intense frustration, envy, and jealousy from the very beginning of life. She was almost alone among psychoanalysts in adopting Freud's later conception of the "death instinct," and her picture of the infant's inner world became one in which sadistic impulses and fear of retaliatory punishment play a greater part than love.

Although anyone with experience of ordinary family life must realize that infants, when frustrated, show rage, it requires a considerable leap of the imagination to suppose that "the infant subjects the mother's body to greedy attack in which he phantasies robbing her of these riches, and to envious attacks motivated more by hatred than by desire." Klein's picture of the infant's inner world has not won general acceptance, and yet, because of the relevance of some of her other contributions and her powerful influence on psychoanalytic thinking, it is impossible to dismiss her picture as bearing no relation to reality.

Klein came to think of neuroses as more or less superficial constructs: defensive overlays masking anxieties and conflicts of a deeper, "psychotic" intensity. This point of view was taken further and fruitfully elaborated by W. Ronald D. Fairbairn, Donald Winnicott, Harry Guntrip, and others who came to constitute what is known as the "object-relations" school of psychoanalysis Klein's most important contribution was her delineation of the "paranoid-schizoid" and "depressive" positions. The human infant, because of its early helplessness, reacts to frustration as if it were persecution, and fears its own total destruction by the powerful persons on whom it depends. Anyone with

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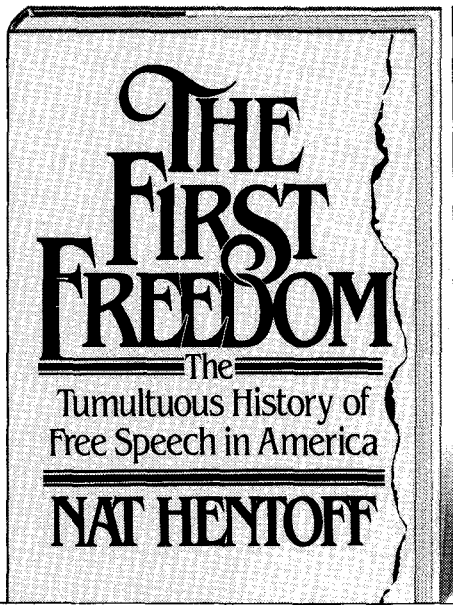

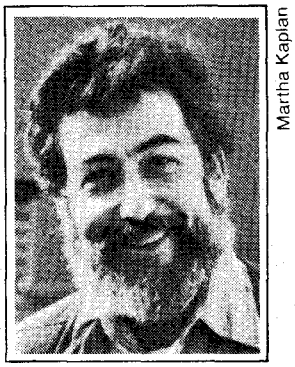
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experience in analyzing schizoid characters is likely to find such a concept illuminating, since the characteristic dilemma of such people is an intense need to feel close to others combined with a fear that if closeness is attained it will prove fatal. R. D. Laing's portrayal of this dilemma owes something to Klein, whose influence is more widespread than is generally acknowledged by those who do not actually label themselves "Kleinians." In the earliest months, Klein not only supposes that the infant feels itself persecuted, but also states that "splitting" occurs. By this she means that the infant fantasizes two opposite figures: a persecuting destroyer on the one hand, and an ideally good object on the other. Anyone who studies myths, fairy tales, or the images of various religions will encounter figures who are either spotless saviors or destructive devils. Such figures, bearing no relation to real people, are frequently projected upon analysts during the course of treatment, just as they are upon actual parents and upon political leaders.

As the infant develops, he should grow beyond this stage to reach the "depressive position," though of course traces of paranoid-schizoid fantasy will always be left, and may be reverted to in times of stress. The depressive position is characterized by the recognition that the same person who is the source of food, love, and everything else that is good can at other times be the frustrating, persecuting figure that the infant fears. Attainment of the depressive position is the beginning of wisdom. It implies not only that the individual begins to become capable of a more realistic picture of the world as it is, but that he also develops a capacity for concern and reparation. Writers on creativity, like the painter Adrian Stokes and the analyst Anton Ehrenzweig, have made use of Klein's alternation between destruction and repair as one aspect of the artist's striving.

The whole course of infantile development, in Klein's view, is dominated by the mechanisms of projection and introjection. The infant attributes to others impulses and feelings that belong to itself and takes in from others feelings that it then takes to be its own. Freud was well aware that the superego, based on introjection of parental commands and prohibitions, was often more severe than the child's actual upbringing appeared to warrant. The Kleinian superego, supposed to develop much earlier in the infant's existence, is portrayed as being of terrifying severity.

It would be wrong to leave this cursory sketch of some aspects of Kleinian theory without commenting upon the Kleinian use of language. Statements like Hanna Segal's "The infant overcomes his fear of disintegration by the introjection of and identification with the idea of the breast" often put off those who would not be deterred if the statement was couched in less metaphorical language. One might almost equally well say, "The infant who has repeated satisfactions gains a built-in expectation of goodness in the future"—a sentence which is not likely to repel anyone.

Melanie Klein's life was marred by a series of disputes of a passionate and violent kind. I already have mentioned the quarrel with Anna Freud. This was extended later to quarrels with some of her own closest supporters and with her daughter, who also became an analyst. In fact, Klein's personality seems to have been closely similar to that of Freud. Both could be generous and kind in private life, but both were so closely identified with their own beliefs and theories that they were unable to tolerate disagreement. Unfortunately, this characteristic of Melanie Klein's personality has been passed on to a number of her disciples. The Klein school in Britain is characterized by the dogmatism and intolerance of esoteric religious sects. Some leading Kleinian analysts are notorious for the length of their analyses, their rigidity, and their belief that no other variety of analysis plumbs equal depths; and their attitude of contempt for other points of view has contributed to the persistence of the divisions within the British Psycho-Analytical Society, which remain as wide as ever.

No one can be sure what goes on in the mind of an infant; and Melanie Klein's speculations about infantile fantasies are, and will remain, impossible to prove. In spite of this, anyone with experience in the analysis of borderline psychotics and persons suffering from depression will bear witness that there is an "inner world" of fantasy which is at variance with the real world and which, by means of projection, distorts the individuals' perception of reality. How this inner world is formed is still a matter of guesswork. Klein herself supposed that infants varied greatly in their innate aggressiveness, greediness, and capacity for envy; and, in this sense, she did not attribute all later emotional disturbance to adverse environmental influence. However, her picture of human nature was a somber one. She

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believed that infants innately were full of aggression and hate which could be modified, but not abolished, by sufficiently loving mothering. Indeed, her dark portrayal of the violence of human nature was counterbalanced by a vision which could only be called utopian. In one paper she wrote:

> One cannot help wondering whether psychoanalysis is not destined to go beyond the single individual in its range of operation and influence the life of mankind as a whole. . . . It cannot, it is true, altogether do away with man's aggressive instinct as such; but it can, by diminishing the anxiety which accentuates those instincts, break up the mutual reinforcement that is going on all the time between his hatred and his fear. . . . We are ready to believe that what would now seem a Utopian state of things may well come true in those distant days when, as I hope, child-analysis will become as much a part of every person's upbringing as school education is now.

In spite of the absurdity of this vision and in spite of the fact that most Kleinian hypotheses are untestable, Melanie Klein's exploration of a primitive layer of human experience and emotion has an explanatory value in understanding psychotic and near-psychotic behavior. Her theories almost certainly will not survive in their present form, but like Freud, she provided a framework upon which later observation can build or which new ideas can refute.

Anthony Storr

Anthony Storr's new book, *The Art of Psychotherapy*, will be published by Methuen in September.

American Dream/Global Nightmare: The Dilemma of U.S. Human Rights Policy
by Sandy Vogelgesang

(W. W. Norton; $13.95)

The Political Economy of Human Rights Volume I: The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism Volume II: After the Cataclysm: Postwar Indochina and the Reconstruction of Imperial Ideology
by Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman

(South End Press; $15, $5.50 paper)

Much of the recent debate about human rights in foreign policy has focused on the most dramatic and severe violations —torture and genocide. Sandy Vogelgesang, in her *American Dream/Global Nightmare* argues that this limited focus, while laudable as far as it goes, is ultimately insufficient. "A broad interpretation of human rights is necessary," we are told. "Attention solely to crimes against the security of the person will not suffice." By this "broad" view of human rights she means "that reading which includes the range set forth in the U.N. Universal Declaration."

This is an attractive and bold position. Yet Vogelgesang does not face up to its implications. What is especially surprising is her simultaneous advocacy of this broader view of human rights and her claim that it will serve US national interests. We should promote human rights in this broad sense, we are told, "because it is right—in the fullest *selfish* and selfless sense of that word" (emphasis added). In the end "serious promotion of human rights should lead to a redefinition of the U.S. national interest."

But "serious" promotion of human rights in this broad sense would require a massive global redistribution of resources between North and South, rich and poor. Even after we ensured survival for the "one billion people on the razor's edge of subsistence" there would remain all of the other social, political, and economic rights of Vogelgesang's "broad" view enumerated in the UN Declaration. These include:

> . . . the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favorable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment . . . the right to form and join trade unions . . . the right to rest and leisure, including holidays with pay . . . the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age. . . .

Other rights in the Declaration focus on marriage and the family, freedom of conscience and association, free public education, and the "right freely to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement."

How should we determine priorities among these variegated entitlements? Vogelgesang does not say. While she attacks US policy makers for failing to spell out specific criteria for determining "gross violations," she does not spell out any more specific criteria herself.

We are left only with a lofty and generalized commitment to the whole range of rights included in the UN Declaration. It should be obvious that any serious effort to implement these conditions throughout the world will involve major sacrifices. Perhaps we ought to undertake such an effort in any case. But we should not do so based on a calculation that it will serve US interest. The conflict of national interests at stake in global redistribution is too important to be finessed by a simple "redefinition" of US interests as whatever would serve global rights.

Vogelgesang attempts to evade these difficulties—but at the cost of any coherent prescriptions for foreign policy—by arguing against "consistency." "Concentration on consistency misses the point." The reason is that "stress on human rights must at all times be weighed against other factors." What we need is "a well-conceived case-by-case approach." Whatever the pragmatic merits of abandoning "consistency," it must be admitted that in the sphere of human rights such a step provides fuel for cynicism and for charges of hypocrisy. While these charges are misdirected at Vogelgesang's well-intentioned book, they are invited whenever a gap is widely

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advertised between general moral commitments and specific policies. This is a fundamental part of the real "dilemma of U.S. human rights policy."

If a commitment to the broad definition of human rights opens up such a chasm between principle and practice, what would follow from a focus on the narrow view of human rights—prohibitions against torture and genocide and other massive violations of the security of the person? The conventional answer has been that little would follow from such a commitment. While a Cambodia or a Uganda may, indeed, occur once in a while, these nightmares are sufficiently infrequent, the argument goes, that a focus on the most elemental rights—prohibitions against torture and mass murder—will not have systematic implications for US foreign policy.

Chomsky and Herman offer a sweeping challenge to this view and, indeed, to the common liberal picture of America's role in the world. Their argument is that on the least controversial view of human rights—prohibitions against torture and mass murder—*we* are now the most massive violators of human rights. They argue that we are at the "center" of a system of "client states" which practice terror on a massive scale. This system is held to be fully comparable in its human rights violations to the communist bloc. In fact, over the past 25 years, "the balance of terror appears to have shifted to the West and its clients, with the United States setting the pace as sponsor and supplier." The basic allegation is that while the United States honors human rights internally it is brutal in its external relations—propping up a host of "sub-fascist" dictatorships ranging from Indonesia, South Korea, and the Philippines to almost the whole of Latin America. It is only the illusion of independence, they claim, that permits us to deny responsibility for these conditions. This illusion masks a convergence with the communist bloc that is an affront to all of our rhetoric about human rights: "The U.S. sphere of client states is as homogeneous—and as agreeable to the interests of the dominant power—as the states of Eastern Europe in relation to the U.S.S.R." Just as Romania or Poland "may press the limits of Russian tolerance" on particular issues and hence appear independent, so too may the US client states.

We can separate a core proposition in this work from others that seem much more dubious. The basic point, which seems incontestable, is that there have been massive violations of human rights throughout what might be broadly termed the US "sphere of influence." Chomsky and Herman document many cases throughout Asia and Latin America, including, among the most disturbing, our support for the Indonesian massacres in East Timor, the extermination of the Aché Indians in Paraguay, and "death squads" in a host of Latin American countries. Their intention is not to present new material but to construct, out of the public record, a systematic picture. They draw on European press coverage, reports from Amnesty International, statements from church groups, published eyewitness reports, congressional hearings, and the back pages of the American press.

One can be grateful to Chomsky and Herman for drawing needed attention to many disturbing cases without also drawing their inferences about our degree of responsibility. They infer an extent of American control and coordination comparable to the Soviet role in Eastern Europe. Their evidence for this seems to be (1) economic, technical, and military assistance, (2) US business interests, (3) State Department human rights reports which so understate the violations that "these reports are themselves solid evidence of the primary official commitment to the dispensers of terror rather than its victims."

Yet even if all this evidence were accepted (and the last will be controversial) it would add up to no more than systematic support, not control. Hence the comparison to Eastern Europe appears grossly overstated. And from the fact that we give assistance to countries that practice terror it is too much to conclude that "Washington has become the torture and political murder capital of the world."

Chomsky's and Herman's indictment of US foreign policy is thus the mirror image of the *Pax Americana* rhetoric they criticize: it rests on the illusion of American omnipotence throughout the world. And because they refuse to attribute any substantial independence to countries that are, in some sense, within America's sphere of influence, the entire burden for all the political crimes of the non-communist world can be brought home to Washington. While this indictment is shockingly overstated, we should be grateful to Chomsky and Herman for systematically documenting the most basic human rights violations in countries over which we can expect to have some influence. For while their attributions of control and direct responsibility are exaggerated, they do provide evidence for a far lesser moral charge in a host of cases: our complicity in acts of torture and even mass murder when these are committed by governments that we could influence in cases which are barely visible in the mass media.

The continuing Indonesian massacres in East Timor (and the use made of our military assistance there), the extermination of the Aché Indians of Paraguay (and our history of support for Stroessner's dictatorship), the allegations about our supply of torture equipment and training throughout Latin America—all deserve a wider hearing. And the Chomsky and Herman work—despite its overstatements and rhetorical overkill—deserves to be widely debated.

James S. Fishkin

James S. Fishkin teaches political science at Yale University and is the author of *Tyranny and Legitimacy: A Critique of Political Theories* (Johns Hopkins).

Women and Writing
by Virginia Woolf
edited and with an introduction by Michele Barrett

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)

Lovers aside, said Lytton Strachey to a fellow Bloomsburyite one dreary day in the country, whom would you most like to see walk up the drive right now? The answer: Virginia, of course. I put down this collection of essays and reviews with much the same wish. If only we could open this Sunday's book supplements and find there a lead paragraph as elegant, as swift, as piquant as

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this one:

> If you look at a large subject through the medium of a little book you see for the most part something of such vague and wavering outline that, though it may be a Greek gem, it may almost equally be a mountain or a bathing machine.

Most reviewers just don't write like that.

Is it the domination of criticism by academics that makes much of it so dull? Woolf laughed at a Columbia professor who produced a mammoth study of the unreadable novelist Eliza Haywood merely because no one had done so before, but his numbers are legion, and hers, alas, are not. For too many, books are problems to be solved, nuts to be cracked, opponents to be wrestled to the ground in a full argumentative Nelson. Whereas, for all Woolf's erudition, what we are conscious of in reading her criticism is not labor but delight.

Women and Writing shows Woolf in many moods. She can be playful in reviews of Marie of Romania's memoirs and of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's autobiography. She can pamphleteer, in the famous speech "Professions for Women," a five-minute digest of *A Room of One's Own*. She can be waspish, in a review of the diary of her dead rival, Katherine Mansfield, although this was a rare slip for one who usually was the most generous and fair-minded of critics. Best of all, she can lovingly conjure up a biographical sketch—of Mary Wollstonecraft, of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, of Christina Rossetti—that has all the dazzle and speed of a *To the Lighthouse* in miniature. But she cannot be pompous. She cannot plod. And that, it seems to me, as much as a feminism well in advance of her time, was why her reputation as a critic declined after her death. To find high spirits dwelling with high seriousness was simply too disconcerting.

Today, of course, Woolf's feminism is the primary cause of her renewed popularity, and the raison d'être of the collection at hand. Woolf was passionately interested in every aspect of the relation between women and books—women as writers, as readers, as characters in fiction by women and by men—and her remarks on these subjects, while sometimes contradictory, are unfailingly original. One might wish for a larger selection—why such a slim little volume, nearly one-fifth of which, moreover, is taken up by the editor's introduction? And one might wish for a better selection: why two very similar versions of

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an essay on Jane Austen, but only half of a published correspondence with Desmond McCarthy on the subject of women's intelligence? Nonetheless, it's a pleasure to have at least a portion of Woolf's voluminous writings on books and women between two covers.

Woolf's great contribution was to connect the books women wrote—or left unwritten—with the lives they led, rather than the anatomies they had. Few writers have explored so thoroughly the crippling effects on women of enforced domesticity and dependence, from the most practical—not having one's own money—to the most psychologically subtle—the difficulty, which Woolf believed she herself had not surmounted, of "telling the truth about [her] experiences as a body" in a world in which female sexuality was defined by male prudery. And few writers have celebrated so joyously the rise, against all these obstacles, of the professional woman writer. To Woolf, every single one—Aphra Behn, Mrs. Gaskell, Dorothy Richardson—is a heroine.

This is not to say she is uncritical of their work: quite the reverse. Her sensitivity to the limitations under which women lived was so keen that she was arguably too eager to ferret out corresponding limitations in what they wrote. For Woolf, the great thing for a writer was to participate in society in the freest and most self-confident way—and that meant to be a man, and not a poor man, either. "Take away all that Tolstoi knew of war as a soldier, or life and society as a rich young man whose education admitted him to all sorts of experience, and *War and Peace* would be incredibly impoverished." And so she must argue that *Middlemarch* was flawed due to George Eliot's ostracism from society after she agreed to live with George Lewes, and that Jane Austen would have written still greater marvels had she lived long enough to reap the rewards of her fame and see the world a bit.

And yet, without denying the difficulty of their lives, could not one argue that *Emma* needs no apologies, and that it was precisely Eliot's firsthand experience of of the cruelty of Victorian sexual mores that enabled her to depict its victims so clearly, and to write the book Woolf calls "one of the few English novels written for grown-up people"? Where, one might ask, is Dickens's Lydgate, or Dorothea? Cheerful smasher of Victorian icons that she was in so much else, Woolf was surely Leslie Stephen's daughter in her inability to imagine that women—or blacks or Jews or the poor—might derive strengths as well as weaknesses from being outsiders to mainstream culture.

Her views seem dated in other ways as well. Few readers today—at least few female ones--would agree that feminist anger and rebelliousness are necessarily artistic flaws; to us they seem the chief source of the emotional power of *Jane Eyre* or *The Mill on the Floss*. And few will wish to follow Woolf in her convoluted efforts to prove that there is such a thing as a woman's sentence and that it was invented by Jane Austen because the Latinate "male" sentence of her day was too "heavy" (for what? Austen's wrist?), while fewer still will be able to reconcile Woolf's advice that women writers write like women with her advice that both men and women write androgynously. No matter. If these essays, written over the course of a long and richly productive life, contain elements of contradiction, it is largely due to Woolf's own insights that we can see them as such. To criticize her for them is to be like the young graduate student who asked T.S. Eliot if he didn't think we knew more than the great writers of the past. Yes, said Eliot. And they are what we know.

Katha Pollitt

Katha Pollitt is a New York writer.

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Correspondence, *from page 7*

Professor Schwartz manages to accept, albeit with regret, the first federal statute ever authorizing preventive detention. Unlike the Logan Act, that statute, if passed, will be enforced, and it will expand and legitimize the imprisonment without trial of many people. If that kind of balancing act represents sensible liberalism, then we are all in trouble.

Professor Schwartz implies that Americans for Democratic Action supports "the reform" that the ACLU opposes. Not true. The ADA, in a recent resolution, flatly opposes the Senate bill as currently drafted but does not oppose the Drinan bill.

Professor Schwartz has made a minor career for himself attacking the ACLU's efforts to improve various criminal code reform bills. And he has supported compromise bills that were much worse than even the current Senate version. Each time, he has attacked us for opposing the latest bill. Yet each time it was our opposition, far from being rigid and unrealistic, that helped to kill the bill and to produce new and improved versions.

Each time, Professor Schwartz has said that insisting on further civil liberties improvements would kill the chances of *any* bill. Each time he has been wrong. We think he is still wrong. Had we listened to him at any point in the past, we would have enacted long ago a law far worse for civil liberties than even the current Senate version.

Ira Glasser
Executive Director

John Shattuck
Legislative Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

Louis B. Schwartz replies:

Glasser and Shattuck can find the truth about ADA's support of pending reform, especially as embodied in the Drinan bill, by asking them. The truth about my position on preventive detention can be found by reading my original article, where in addition to explaining the differences between preventive detention and the Kennedy proposal I said "The [Drinan] bill sensibly avoids giving even partial and symbolic endorsement to the notorious practice." The weaseling explanation given by Glasser and Shattuck for ACLU's disapproving the Drinan bill, namely that it might be prejudicially amended, is complete nonsense. On that basis, no bill could ever be supported—the right position for professional paranoids. That the Logan Act is no paper threat is shown sufficiently by its potential availability as the basis for prosecuting Ramsey Clark for his contacts with Iran. As for improvements in the successor bill's being attributable to ACLU's foot dragging, the opposite is the case, except for the defeat of Nixon's notorious S-1, which we all opposed. Anyone who writes for ACLU's 54-page diatribe should also write to the Senate Judiciary Committee for an exposure of its inanities.

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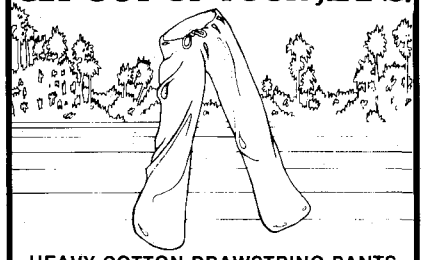

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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Cape Cod Diarist

Working Vacation

Even on vacation, I am too narcissistic to give the world full respite from my meddling. Usually this takes the form of calling people who are not on vacation, and offering *gratis* my authoritative dicta on this and that outrage, of which there are ample number, with the expectation that they will do something about it. Unhappily, most of these outrages are not readily susceptible to a dose of influence, especially not of the sort mobilized by a stray phone call from Cape Cod. This week, for example, outraged by the US failure to veto the Security Council resolution condemning Israel's reassertion of old facts in Jerusalem, I called a friend of mine who is a real estate developer in Colorado and demanded that he reverse the anti-Israel drift at the State Department. My vacation interventions are not often productive, though not noticeably less productive than my interventions during other times of the year.

Often my interventions have concrete aims, like getting someone a job. My telephone activity last week was very much in the employment agency vein, but—I tell myself—also very much in the broader public interest: I tried to persuade John Anderson (and, critically, David Garth too) that three or four particular people were especially suited to be Anderson's running mate. I failed, of course. Rumors of Pat Lucey had been one of my incentives to forage around for other names. Some weeks ago in this space I proposed Mayor Ed Koch of New York, surely among the most genuinely original and candid (not to a fault, in my opinion) politicians around. There were two objections to this suggestion. One is that Koch would be unacceptable to New York's Liberal party, which once held—and through Anderson could reclaim—the balance of power in the Empire State. The second is that Koch doesn't want to be vice president, preferring the substance of his present post to the symbols of the one I pushed him for. My more recent suggestions included Edward Bennett Williams and Joseph Califano, both Washington lawyers, hard-headed and practical men whose guiding norms are of the liberal tradition in the Democratic party. Both of them have been targets of Jimmy Carter's ire. Urban ethnics from groups basic to the once-was Democratic coalition and indispensable if Anderson is to win, they are sensitive to the deprivations of the poor, and responsive to the anxieties of the middle class. Carter has not been attentive to either. Both of my passed-over candidates represent the Democratic opposition to Carter at its best. Neither is, as surely Lucey must be seen, a lost politician without national constituency or recognizable competence or compelling claim to attention in his own right. Maybe my favorites didn't seek the vice presidency hungrily enough because seeking public office invites the irrelevant snooping into one's private life that no intelligent or interesting person would want. That's one reason the men and women in politics seem more and more to be one-dimensional folk.

My friend Ken Howard, a wonderful actor known primarily as the "White Shadow" on TV, says that his candidate for president is Jimmy Stewart. That was pretty much Jack Warner's response to the news of Ronald Reagan's first campaign for governor of California. "All wrong," said Warner. "Jimmy Stewart for governor, Reagan for best friend." Stewart has political experience, Howard points out, in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*—and as a reformer at that. It's not hard to persuade our readers that almost anyone would be preferable to Reagan, even a Reagan supporter like Stewart. But is Jimmy Stewart preferable to Jimmy Carter? In a churlish interview with the *Boston Globe*, Carter—bristling from the praise lavished on Kennedy's convention speech—said he didn't care "how many applause lines I get." Anyway, he said, applause lines are easy; "I can take any sentence and by modifying the pauses and stepping back from the podium and pausing, you can get applause." Jimmy Stewart wouldn't have to say any of this, he'd just do it. One reason Jimmy Carter doesn't get applause lines is because he doesn't believe in anything strongly enough to persuade others to believe in it strongly also. He believes strongly in himself, but people understand by now that Jimmy Carter's strong belief in himself and his own rectitude is what has kept him from commitment to ideals that inspire others.

Edmund Muskie, I read, has not allowed the Polish crisis to interrupt his vacation. Nor has Jimmy Carter permitted it to interrupt his reelection campaign. Poland is the country Gerald Ford thought was free. I don't see yet that this administration thinks otherwise. Maybe this executive inattention will permit the Polish crisis to turn out better than the Iranian hostage crisis, which has not turned out at all. Muskie did interrupt his Maine vacation last week to come to New York and lecture the OPEC countries on their responsibility for exacerbating third world poverty. But why should the OPEC members risk their staggering surpluses to help the poor nations pay for oil, when the Western countries, and primarily the US, still see that as their responsibility? The fixation of policy makers on bribing the North-South problem out of existence has obscured the extent to which third world underdevelopment has become a function of the South-South relationship. Muskie is already a regular on the East River lecture circuit. The week before last it was the Security Council Resolution on Jerusalem that inspired a tongue-lashing to the UN for its condemnation of Israel which, he said, "failed the critical tests of reason, of balance . . . " and so on. After all the bravado he abstained, allowing the resolution to pass, sanctions and all. As a friend put it pithily, "To abstain he could have stayed in Maine."

One of many pleasures my secretary derives from my absence from the office is reporting all the unpleasant mail that's pouring in. Regulars in that category are missives from subscription cancelers, a breed of crank altogether different from those other readers who offer *gratis* their authoritative dicta on this and that outrage, of which there are ample number. Last week an old and respected friend and occasional *TNR* contributor, Hilton Kramer, art critic of the *New York Times*, informed me that he doesn't want the magazine "coming into my house." (See his letter on page 7.) Kramer hasn't cared for what he perceives as a drift to the left any more than other cancelers have cared for what they perceive as a drift to the right. The last straw for Kramer was Ronald Steel's attack on Norman Podhoretz three weeks ago. I'd made a mess of a golden opportunity, this reader wrote—meaning presumably the opportunity to make *The New Republic* into another *Commentary*. Other cancelers assert that I have by no means botched this opportunity. The cancelers all want a rally, not a magazine. And so back to work.

M.P.

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Consumer Orientation
No. 8 in a Series
Subject: Maximizing Volumetric Efficiency

8 Porsche 924 Turbo

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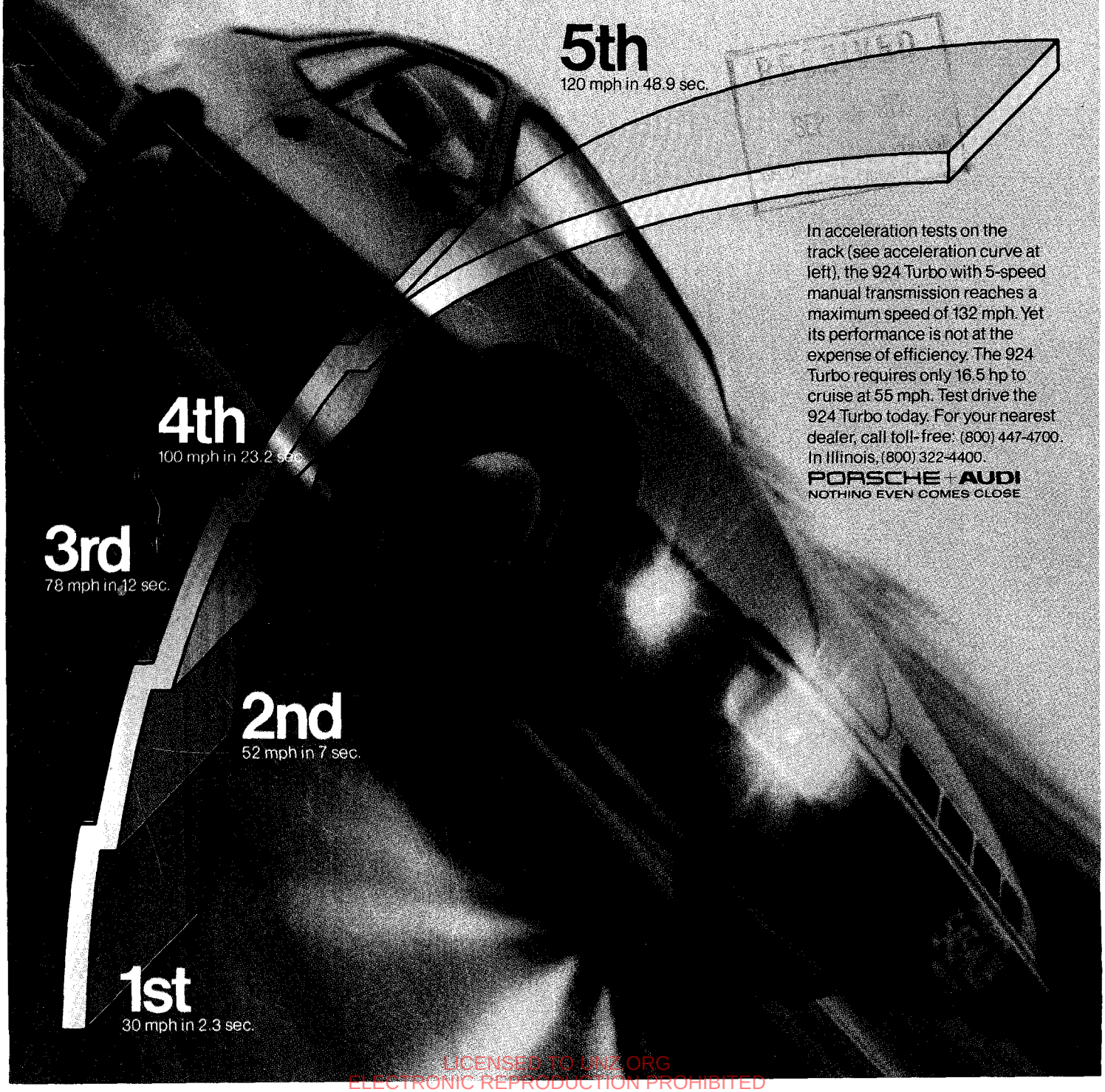

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